



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BUHR
GRAD

PS
3529
.W46
C65
1893

A 1,078,533

FRANCIS BROWNING OWEN

1492



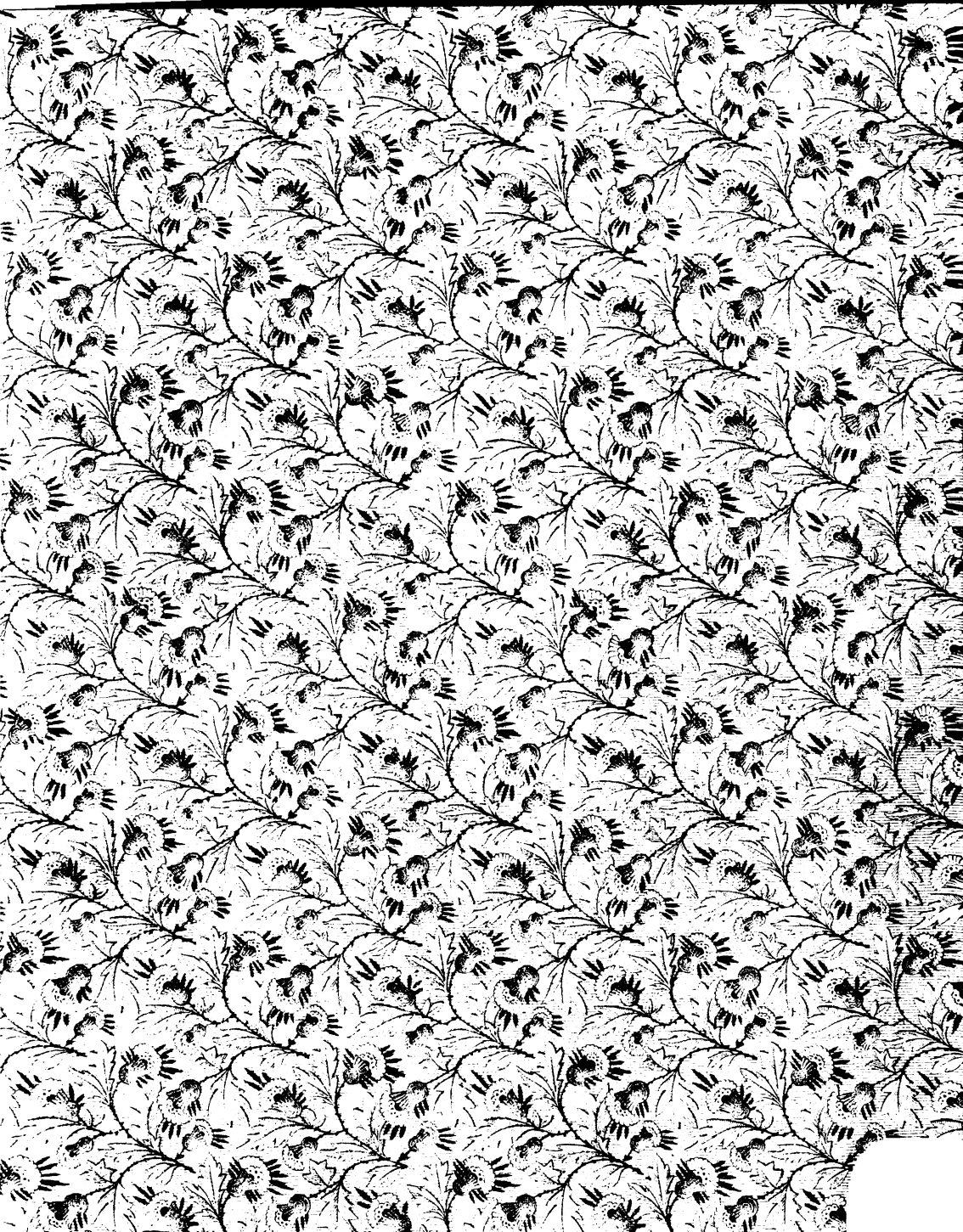
COLUMBIAN
♦ AND OTHER ♦
POEMS

1892

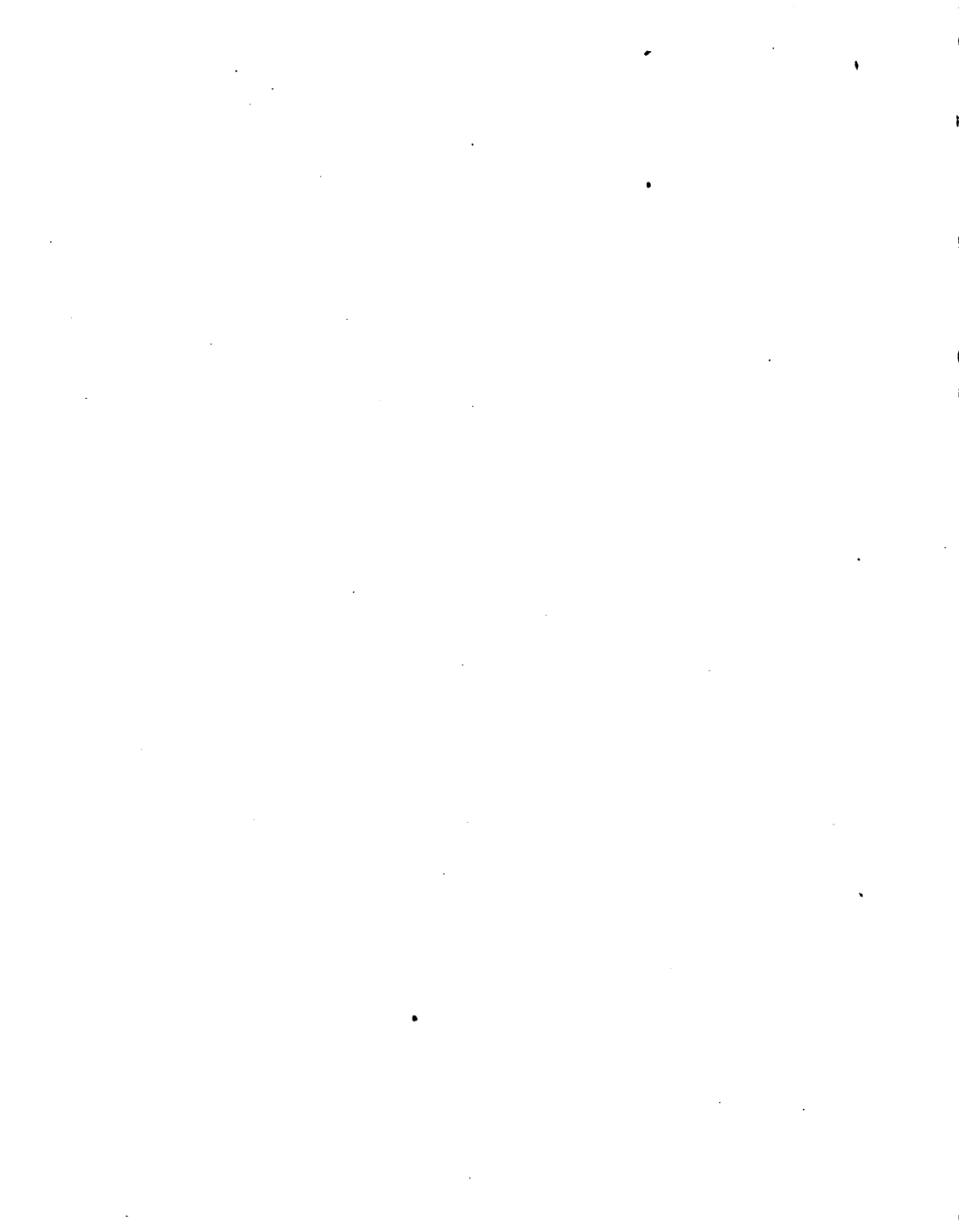
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GENERAL LIBRARY



GALEN C. HARTMAN
LIBRARY FUND



Dr D A McDonald





Respectfully yours,
Francis Browning Owen

COLUMBIAN.
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
"FRANCIS BROWNING" OWEN.

SECOND EDITION.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
THE REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.,
The Inland Press.
1893.

GRADIBUHR

PS

3529

N46

C65

1893

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1893,
By FRANCIS BROWNING OWEN,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

BUHR/GRAD

42081531

HART

11-15-05

TO

ALONZO G. SHAFER,

A

FRIEND OF LARGE HEART

AND LIBERAL MIND, WHO WILL NOT CONDEMN

WITHOUT CAUSE, NOR VENTURE A CRITI-

CISM UNPREPARED, THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

To Gen'l Russell A. Alger, Detroit.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—In dedicating to you this the second and enlarged edition of my book of poems, it is not in spirit of boastfulness on my part, but rather a sense of pride that I have in keeping before the public a name which stands out as among the noblest of earth.

Man's existence here is but of short duration at its best, and were it not for the fact that it is but a stepping stone to another, even this life would be of little consequence. But, journeying on as we are, it is well that we should make all out of this present life possible. That you have done and are doing so much, not only for yourself and so many others around you, as to command the unqualified and profound respect of the whole nation, is too well known for me to repeat. You will find in this little volume I hope, the same spirit carried out, although in another direction than that of yours, viz: a spirit of elevation.

It has been my aim since commencing to write, now twenty years ago, to write nothing but that would elevate mankind, and so far as in me has lain, I have never transgressed the rule

In the perusal of these poems you will not look for the most classic literature, but the rather, for language of the heart.

True poetry consists more of "soul language", than of mere words, and he who would play only upon the latter, will not live in the hearts of the world. If you shall find some things in these verses that will give you pleasure while perusing them—that they will bring back memory of by-gone days,—of scenes of your childhood as well as of maturer years, if, as I say, they accomplish all this and leave you the happier, then is my ambition satisfied.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

FRANCES B. OWEN.

READER !

To touch the heart, to move the finer feelings to acts; to chord in sympathy with the sorrowing; to cheer; to sweeten the bitter draught; these thoughts prompt the writer's pen. Yet

"Little crafts keep near shore,
While larger vessels venture more."

Somewhere this sage rhyme is found. It expresses the case of the writer quite happily. His little crafts have kept near shore; that is, the shorter poems have seen the light through the medium of the kindly press.

Having, by request, written a rather lengthy poem—which will be found herein in the society of the little crafts that, with one or two more ambitious productions, accompany it—the whole has been freighted upon one bark of blue and gold, on which the author's hopes center, and thus goes out to sea, with a trust that it will be kindly wafted on its voyage by the breeze of popular favor, and which will ever be appreciated by

THE AUTHOR.

MILFORD, Mich., November, 1874.

Preface to the Second Edition.

After a lapse of twenty years the author again appears before the public in a new and enlarged edition of his writings

The success which attended his first venture, that of issuing a holiday edition so encouraged him, that he ceased not from writing, but on the contrary impelled him forward, and so throughout these long years he has devoted much of his time in writing, and his productions are now given to the public, complete, for the first time. His aim has been from the first to write nothing but that would elevate humanity, and if the reader will carefully criticise all his productions, he feels confident he will come to the same conclusion. The poems of his later years embrace a wider scope, are more historic, while they lack nothing of the poetic fire that burned in his breast when twenty years younger.

During these years new scenes and new sights have come up before him—the Centennial of which he has written, and is to be found in this volume has come and passed, western scenes have been traced out, the quadrennial is now upon us, and all together the poet has reason to congratulate himself upon the very many things that have come before him to aid his inspiration.

How well he has portrayed these scenes in this little volume is for the reader to say, after having perused these verses, though it may not be amiss in him to say that under all the circumstances combined, he feels confident that no one will condemn or severely criticise these writings if thoroughly read and understood.

If, by the perusal of these poems it should bring happiness to the reader and thereby help make the pathway of life more pleasant, the author will be more than repaid.

FRANCIS B. OWEN,

CLOQUET, Minn., November, 1892,

INDEX.

	PAGE.
DRIFTING TOWARD THE SEA	1
MICHIGAN	3
THE SIEGE OF BUNKER HILL	8
ODE TO COLUMBUS	16
AN APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA	22
ODE TO LEXINGTON	25
COLUMBIA	30
MY WIFE AND I	36
THE MACCABEES FRATERNITY	41
TILL THE SHADOWS LOWER	45
COLUMBUS	48
WATCHMEN, WHAT OF ZION'S MORNING	55
STAR OF THE NIGHT AND SUN OF DAY	57
SPIRIT OF EVERLASTING LIFE	58
DREAMS OF MY CHILDHOOD	60
DECORATION POEM	64
FRIENDSHIP	68
THY GOD MY GOD	70
A SONNET (<i>To Viola</i>)	73
A SONNET (<i>To Flora</i>)	74
TIME—PAST AND PRESENT	75
NOVEMBER	96
THE CHILDREN	97
ODE TO POESY	99
LINES	102
MY OLD ARMY CHUM	103
UNFORGOTTEN	105

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW	10
WOMAN SUFFRAGE	111
OPEN THE DOORS	114
STANZAS	116
THE MONUMENT	118
A SONG OF TEMPERANCE	121
WINTER NIGHT THOUGHTS	123
ON THE WAY	124
CROW'S NEST	126
THE BEAUTIFUL RAIN	133
THE DEAD OF TWENTY YEARS	134
HORACE GREELEY	136
THE POOR	139



Autobiography.

FRANCIS BROWNING OWEN, the author of these poems, was the youngest and ninth child of Abijah and Sally Owen, and was born in the township of Shelby, Macomb County, Michigan, on the 23rd day of October, A. D., 1830. His parents were poor, though of an intellectual wealth beyond the ordinary, and at once after moving into the then territory of Michigan, from western New York, in the year 1825, filled a leading part among the few who had preceded them. Abijah Owen died in June, 1837, leaving his widow with seven children. The author, only six years of age, yet even at that early period, of which he remembers, his parents thought they saw something in him more than a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," and so urged him forward, even before the few who would congregate together in the then sparsely settled wilderness, to sing and recite poems.

The author well remembers the first piece of music he ever saw set to notes, and that was the tune "Green-ville," when he was 10 years old. His brothers and sisters, having attended singing school, came home with "Mason's Sacred Harp," and were singing the then new piece, when

the author joined in and sung the same "by note" as well as he can to-day, although 50 years have elapsed.

Music and poetry are born gifts—they are not acquired, and although to some it may seem untruthful that a person could "read music" without first having "passed a fiery ordeal" of the singing "schule," it is nevertheless truthful.

Alternating between a farm and a clerk in a country store from his 10th to 16th year, he at that age commenced a course of study in a branch of the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan, located at the village of Rochester, of the same state, and there continued his studies for about three years, when he again entered into a clerkship. On arriving at his legal age he at once left his native state for the Pacific coast, at the time of the gold fever of 1849.

After returning to Michigan he once more engaged in merchantile pursuits, and so remained for several years, though all this time he kept up his literary studies, they being nearer his heart than business, till the year 1873, when he launched out on the sea of public opinion by publishing his first book of poems.

The success which overtook this little volume of holiday poems so encouraged the author, that he kept on writing, and now that twenty years have come and gone, writing more or less all the time, he again trespasses on the patience of the public by issuing another and larger volume, retaining all of the first one, under another sky,

a different inspiration in the far off state of Minnesota amid the snows of a long and bleak winter yet with a heart as warm as though it were basking in the sunshine of a Southern clime.

Of his ancestry but little is known, and on the paternal side he is of Welch extraction, and it has always been a source of pride to him that nothing but purely Welch blood coursed through his veins. His mother was a New England woman by birth, and she took the name of a New England maiden name. Whether or not the name of "Browning" comes from across the waters he will not say, although a New York paper about thirty years ago traced his lineage back to the Brownings of Idmeston, in England, and gave him credit of being a descendant of them, but of this he cares but little. But what may seem the most paradoxical of all is, that at the time the first volume of his poems was published, the author was an avowed infidel, and yet scarcely a poem, not even a single stanza appears in it that does not contain the name of the Deity and a mention of immortality, and which the author at the time of writing entirely disavowed. It is only explainable by the fact that poetry and religion are inseparably connected, and try as we may, without religious inspiration, there is but little true poetry.

For the past three years the author has entirely changed his views on religious matters, and now takes a lively interest in all divine things. It was what brought

him to the West, as an evangelist, and tho' by profession a lawyer, yet he labors daily for the upbuilding of God's kingdom on earth. His change from infidelity to Christianity came about as follows:

On the 13th day of May, 1889, H. O. Wills, the noted evangelist of Detroit, who, before his conversion, was the terror of the citizens of the whole city, in company with John Morse, the singing evangelist, opened what was then known as the Casino Tabernacle, a sort of vile theatre, for gospel meetings.

Mr. Wills was an uneducated man, having had to learn to read his Bible after his conversion, seven years previous, and so on the opening night, more out of curiosity than any other cause, the author went to the meeting.

When the invitation was given to all who wished to become Christians to go forward, Mr. Owen was the very first one, and what impelled him to do so is only explainable from the fact that it was of a Higher Power. The very fact also, that the Casino Tabernacle was within one half block from the house where the author and a half dozen others, of the same mode of thinking, had congregated for years to discuss infidelity, the news of his conversion flew, as on the wings of lightning from there to New York, thence to Chicago, so that within two weeks, or such a matter, when he had been invited to fill a pulpit in Detroit, his first sermon was printed in New York City and extracts sent back to him the very week of its delivery. Mr. Owen is now a firm believer in all the cardinal doc-

trines of Christianity, and also that God is ever present, watching over, protecting and guiding all things, that every act of our lives, every step taken, is under his guidance, and that every promise, temporal as well as spiritual, promised in the Bible, will be fulfilled.

His life since he turned to God certifies to the fact that God will deal with all as he did with Job, spoken of in the last chapter of the book, and that the first psalm will be fulfilled to a letter if all conditions are as God would have them.

The miraculous providence of God toward the author since leaving Michigan would fill a volume if all written out. Step by step God has led him on, bestowing unsought blessing, temporal and spiritual, for which he has nothing to give in return except a grateful heart and willing obedience.

His life, for the past two years, has been spent in upper north-western Minnesota, where all his Columbian poems have been written, as well as others, among which may be mentioned "Minnehaha," where he stood at midnight, on the banks of St. Anthony's Falls, and where the late H. W. Longfellow wrote (in part) his immortal poem "Hiawatha,"—catching an inspiration that nowhere is to be obtained except one view the "Laughing Waters" as they fall in perfect grandeur adown into the abyss below, and then calmly flow on—the great Mississippi—3,500 miles till its waters reach the ocean.

Uneventful as his early life may seem, his crowning day seems to have been set for his maturer years.

that God is ever present,
guiding all things, that
taken, is under his guid-
temporal as well as spiritual,
justified.

God certifies to the fact
did with Job, spoken of
and that the first psalm
all conditions are as God

God toward the author
volume if all written
him on, bestowing un-
spiritual, for which he has
a grateful heart and will-

has been spent in
where all his Columbian
as others, among which
"where he stood at mid-
ny's Falls, and where the
part) his immortal poem
ation that nowhere is to
"Laughing Waters" as
own into the abyss below,
great Mississippi—3,500

may seem, his crowning
is matured years.



BROWNING'S POEMS.

Drifting Toward the Sea.

(Inscribed to my wife.)

OVER ripple, eddy and fall,
Dashing and dancing in glee,
Roll the river along, in their joyous song,
To their home in the deep, blue sea.

Through meadows, fragrant with flowers,
They linger in morning's bright beams,
And catch of their breath, ere they fade into death,
Sweet zephyrs that float o'er the streams.

Then, freighted with perfume and joy,
Thanking God for the meadow and lea,
Pass the rivers away, at breaking of day,
To their home in the deep, blue sea.

Man's life is a river of time,
Alternate of pleasure and pain;
We're drifting away, a moment—a day,
Our bark will be sailing the main.

Ah! this beautiful river of time,
In the morning of life so far;
Its magical isle we pass with a smile,
With no vision of sorrow or care.

But soon the loud cataract's roar
Of manhood falls harsh on our ears;
We pause on the brink, lest our vessel will sink,
Then pull with the strength of our years.

Each man to the oar for his life—
Guide the helm in this perilous hour;
Would our boate'er outride both the wind and the tide,
Seize the time at meridian's power.

Now tossed by the tempest's rough blast,
Life's breaking how plainly we see;
We pause and look back on the watery track,
While drifting adown to the sea.

The eddy of life in full view!
All the *breakers* and *cataracts* passed,
We calmly abide and pray for the tide
That anchors in Heaven at last.

BROWNING'S POEMS.

Michigan.

I.

NO rock-bound coast nor desert land
Mark'out the weary traveler's chart
But fertile vale and dewy mead,
And rippling stream and hills apart,
To emerald groves his footsteps lead,
And point with pride to Michigan.

II.

No rock-wrecked vessels on the strand,
To bring dismay and sorrow near,
But smaller crafts, by steady arm,
Glide smoothly o'er our lakes each year
With pleasant winds our lives to charm,
And speak in praise of Michigan.

III.

No torrid sun nor frigid band,
Nor frozen icebergs come this way,
But temperate zones and sunny sky,
Shine o'er our pathway all the day;
And yellow fields to greet the eye,
All point with pride to Michigan.

IV.

No braver men, with steady hand,
E'er grasped the helm of Church or State,
Nor truer heroes ever bled,
Or marched to battle and their fate,
Than those who from their country sped
To save the flag to Michigan.

V.

No richer blood throughout the land
Was shed than that of each brave son;
No stronger arms nor better bred
Was ever mustered one by one,
Nor on a battle-field was led,
Than those who marched from Michigan.

VI.

If foes invade, who'll lead the van
To save our country and her name?
If there's a wretch who would not rise
And fight for liberty and fame,
To win the victory and the prize,
He'd not be worthy Michigan.

VII.

Our favored clime and sunny land
Rear men of nerve and heart of oak,

Who at a moment's warning given,
Would rise and break a tyrant's yoke;
Who 'gainst oppression long have striven,
Tuned freedom's harps in Michigan.

VIII.

In war a foe, in peace a band
Of brothers of a common sire;
In north or south, in east or west,
Or where the sun in rays of fire
Sinks down behind the clouds to rest,
Far, far beyond Lake Michigan.

IX.

The wisest heads and truest hands
Are found among the sons of toil;
No better bred, for those so young,
Are ever found on nature's soil,
Nor patriots truer, by poets sung,
Than those who hail from Michigan.

X.

The wealthiest spot on sea or land,
In gold or silver from the mines,
Or golden fruits ripe from the stem,
Or hang in clusters on the vines,
Form nowhere nature's diadem,
Like that you'll find in Michigan.

XI.

When pilgrims on New England's strand
Knelt down and offered praise to God,
That he from tyrant's yoke had freed,
And placed their feet on better sod,
And saved them from old England's creed,
They nothing knew of Michigan.

XII.

Their sons are here and nobly stand
Like beacons on a rock-bound shore,
To fight for liberty and right,
Amid the din and clash of war;
They rise majestic in their might,
To guard the peace of Michigan.

XIII.

We love our God and fellow man,
We love the land that gave us birth,
We would not, if we had the power,
Debase the humblest born of earth,
Or chain in dungeons for an hour,
A child of God's in Michigan.

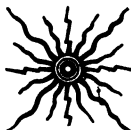
XIV.

The exile, howe'er poor the man,
Who seeks our shores their wealth to gain;

The homeless orphan without friends
Will find a shelter from the rain;
However much on us depends,
We'll raise the flag of Michigan.

XV.

Then praise the Lord of Hosts, O man!
He placed your feet in this fair clime;
And songs and anthems upward, then,
In one thanksgiving chorus chime,
And shout the glorious, loud "Amen!"
Praise God, praise God, in Michigan.



The Siege of Bunker Hill.

T WAS morn, and o'er that peaceful bay,
Whose waters mirror forth the day,
Bright rose the sun with golden sky,
Spread out to form earth's canopy.
The tinkling bell, the voice of bird,
Upon the distant hill was heard;
While bud and blossom filled the air
With perfumes only rich and rare.

The toiler at his plow was found,
The lord of earth's creation round.
His future he could plainly see,
His greatness and his destiny,
Where freedom reigns and man is free.

Hark! o'er those peaceful waters proud,
There comes a sound both long and loud;
A crash, a thunderbolt and shell,
With fire and smoke like burning hell.

It is the cannon's deadly roar,
To arms, ye minute men, once more
To arms! the field is lost or won
Ere this day's setting of the sun.

Shall freedom on this field expire,
Where kindled first her sacred fire?
Are foes to rise and quench the flame;
Her ashes only to remain?
Hurl back the tyrants in dismay,
The future hangs upon to-day.

A sound is heard, 'tis that of drum;
The foe approaches; they come! they come!
Arm for the conflict! arm and fire!
To-day must tell for son and sire.
Shall subjects of a craven throne
Uplift an altar like their own,
And forge the fetters doubly strong,
To bind this land in darkness long?
Did ever brighter sun look down
Upon a land by freedom crowned?
Wherever flowed a calmer tide,
To harbors peaceful, deep and wide;
Or where, through vast creations chain,
Till naught of sun and star remain,
Can mortals trace a fairer clime,
Than this, O God, our land sublime?
Home of the true, the free, the brave,
We rise in might and power to save.
Here at the altar feed the flame
With blood that shall not flow in vain.
Blood-thirsty tyrants come who will,

We'll plant the stars on Bunker Hill.
They come again with shout,
And scale our small redoubt!
Back, tyrants! back, once more!
Breaks forth in deaf'ning roar,
And brave hearts cease to throb;
Upon that field of gore.

Of the numberless slain while but few remain
To recount their deeds of glory;
While those who fell, by shot and shell,
Are living to day in story.
On the altar of fame, burns brightly a name—
A name of bold deeds and daring,
'Twas Warren who led, o'er the dying and dead,
With banner of freedom up-bearing.
There green o'er their graves, near ocean's blue waves
Grows the grass o'er the spot where they slumber;
While Bunker so grand, in its glory will stand,
Through cycles of years without number.

Sleep on, thou brave sires, who first kindled the fires
Of liberty, peace to thy ashes!
Though thy embers still burn in freedom's bright urn,
Thou heedst not the lightnings sharp flashes.

Through the vista of time peace rears her fair shrine,
Sweet the incense of holy endeavor;

Naught shall quench her bright flame, burning ever
the same

In the peaceful and golden forever.

Where is the clime or where the shore,
Begirt by distant ocean's roar,
Like this our own, our native land,
Pride of the world in greatness grand?
What banner floats o'er land or sea
That bears aloft triumphantly,
A star that shines for liberty?
'Tis ours to boast, 'tis ours to own,
Though not for us and us alone,
The future through all coming time,
Must kneel and worship at its shrine.
Borne on the breath of every breeze,
From torrid gulf to polar seas,
O'er ocean's wide and sunny isles,
And climes where every season's smiles,
The blood-stained banner of that day,
Its peaceful march in power bears sway.

O flag! O rock of freedom! when
Will tempest menace thee again?
Should'st angry billows round thee rave,
Say! wilt thou then protect the brave?
Arise, proud Athens, once so free,
Remember brave Thermopoelee,

Fair Greece, what charms once decked thy brow,
The past ought to be with thee now.
Deep in the caves of hidden lore
Each avenue thou^did'st explore.
What science lent to works of art,
Gave thee a name, which thrills the heart.

Ah! who can tread thy classic shore,
Where Liberty once hovered o'er!
And view thy ruins smouldering lie,
With untouched heart and tearless eye?
What song like that thy Poet's sung,
The language of thy native tongue?
What theme on which the muse can soar,
Like thine, O' Greece! in days of yore?

When Freedom held thy key of state,
The world looked on and called thee great;
Thy pillared domes o'er Athens shone,
Fair Queen of all the world alone;
Whose sacred halls of learning vast—
Explored the present and the past,
There, science reared a temple grand,
Upon whose rock the world may stand.

Thy star bedimmed will yet out shine
The glory of all former time;
Thy morning sun in splendor rise,

The king of all those eastern skies:
Bright dawn of Freedom, hail the hour!
Once more we welcome thy glad power.

Who shall arise and in what name
Shall Liberty be put to shame?
Turn earth into an ocean deep,
Her living fires would safely keep;
On wings of thought out fly the sun,
To where the utmost planets run,
Throughout all space from clime to clime,
From pole to pole from time to time,
Her holy ashes still retain
The embers of undying flame.

To-day our country nobly rears
A monument to by-gone years;
While round her altar, son and sire,
With holy zeal and unquenched fire
Will swear, however sharp the pain,
Her future destiny to maintain.
Fly on! fly on! unnumbered years,
We'll gather up the fallen tears;
If foes arise with fire and flood,
We'll turn the ocean into blood;
Let come who will, with sword and spear—
They'll find no craven cowards here.

O rock, O flag of Freedom! wave
In triumph o'er the heroes' grave;
Thy onward march though just begun,
Must follow with the circling sun
Throughout all space—from time to time,
In every zone—from clime to clime;
Wherever human feet may tread
O'er peaceful realms or glory's bed,
There float the banner of the free—
Throughout a vast eternity.

Proud Bunker in the niche of fame,
Thy star outshines the brightest name;
In all the long, long list of years,
The world has treasured up thy tears;
Green grows the grass and sweet the dew,
That falls at twilight to bestrew,
A holy incense o'er the head,
Where sleep these brave, heroic dead.
Tell me, O earth, or tell me, sun—
In all the cycles where thou run—
If men of nobler deeds are found,
By searching all creation round!
On wings of thought from far off sphere.
A sound bursts on the ravished ear—
A sound like distant thunder; Lo!
An echo—and the answer—No,

The storm is past—our ship and sail,
 Out-ride the tempest and the gale;
 The seal is set, the victory won—
 And Freedom's holy work is done.
 No more will haughty tyrants dare,
 Up fly their banner in the air,
 While Bunker from its glorious hight,
 Looks down upon that field and fight.

Cloquet, Minn., November 20, 1892.

On the morn of the 22nd of June, 1776, the Regulars (as the British Red Coats were then called) were noticed assembling on the hill where now stands the City Hall in Boston, by a handful of our minute men who had, for two or three days previously, been active in throwing up a small and weak defense. (a redoubt) at what was then known as Breed's Hill, but since changed to Bunker Hill, for its euphony, (as is supposed) at Charlestown, about two and one-half miles' out from the city of Boston, and where now stands the memorable Bunker Hill monument to commemorate the third, and, with the exception of Valley Forge, the most sanguinary and bloody battle of the Revolution.

The Regulars moved up the bay to where our men were and opened fire at once on that little, tho' patriotic band, and were twice repulsed, but at last, by their overpowering numbers, succeeded in taking the redoubt.

'Twas on this day Gen'l Putnam left his team afield to the plow and went forth to battle for liberty, also on this same field the brave Warren "who led o'er the dying and dead," fell.

The history of the minute men, who, had it not been for them, the struggle for liberty would have ended at the battle of Concord, is familiar to all historians, and the allusion in the poem to them will recall to mind men who could not be disheartened by defeat, &c., &c.

The brief allusion to Rome and Greece recalls to mind that once proud and liberty loving nation, but whose people, rather than forego their love for the arts and sciences, would sacrifice their liberty, and so after enjoying the most perfect liberty for a period of 500 years let their glory pass from them, and were content by pursuing the arts even to such a degree that they had placed over the doors of their halls of learning the motto, *Magistri et Arbitri Aleganshearum*, "Masters and arbiters of their profession."

The allusion to "Thermopœlee" in the poem refers to Leonidas, a Spartan, who held the pass for three days against Xerxes and his army with a band of only 300 soldiers.

(*Nota Bene.*)—This poem was composed, and was to be read at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, 1876, but owing to financial difficulties, the award, (\$5,000,) was not given to either of the three who wrote, Viz. William Cullen Bryant, of New York; Sidner Launier, of Georgia; and the author.

Ode to Columbus.

1492-1892.

THE willing sail unhoisted still
And fastened to the mast;
Though ready to obey the will,
Of Him the first—the last—
Columbus speaks, the anchors weigh,
The fleet moves out beyond the bay;
Three noble ships with mast,
Bear down to western isles afar,
The only compass that of star.

O'er billows tossed and waves run high,
Before the driving gale;
Stars first looked down from out the sky
Upon the whitened sail;
And ocean seemed to kiss the breeze
As on she rolls, as on she heaves,
Through the tempests mad and hail,
Westward, and as a bird in spring
Soars over earth on joyous wing.

The glad blue waters yield the way,
As outward flows the tide,
And winds blow gently on that day
Across the ocean wide;

And brave men at the rudder stand
To guide their barques to unknown land;
The storm and wave outride!
O, who may tell of spirit power
Inspired these men to meet the hour.

Heroes in battle—land or sea,
When victors of the hour,
Bequeath to all posterity
Their wisdom and their power.
But he who grasps two continents wide,
Brings oceans, islands, side by side,
All distance to devour,
Will live in hearts of all, till when
New worlds appear, are born again.

Winds often fierce and waves grow mad
And tides they ebb and flow;
And so of human life, tho' sad,
The world moves on but slow.
A thought begot from reason's store,
By one who delves a little lower—
And strikes the vein below;
Is mad, perchance, or crazed, or wild,
His reason and his sense beguiled.

Tho' penniless and often scorned—
Refused the needed aid;

Thy life by nations now adorned,
Thy plans were all well laid.
Thou wert no pauper, for thy brain,
Reached out to other seas and main;
The voice of God obeyed.
Of greater wealth and pride and store,
Than kings can boast or queens adore.

Where is the warrior now as great
As he of civil life?
Or where's a kingdom without hate,
A kingdom without strife?
Go seek Napoleon's blasted shrine,
If in the counsel of all time
He lives, in memory rife,
A tyrant's, all the world retains
Unhallowed dust in earth remains.

Unholy man! ambition bold;
To Moscow's dizzy height
He led his armies through the cold
To die while yet 'twas night.
Unfed, unsheltered and alone,
To give the despot one more throne,
They marched in pomp and might.
Misguided one, thy lump of clay
Weighs little in the scales to-day.

Didst't thou misjudge, that e'en thy dust
Was richer far than all?
Or in thy own vain glory trust,
If so, how camest thy fall?
Thou wert no better,—much less pure,
Than those thou callest to endure;
To drink the bitter gall
Of thy self constituted state
Let one lone island tell thy fate.

Where shall we look, where shall we find
A nobler one and great?
The annals of the world are kind,
Of men of great estate.
Hero, whose fires burn brightly on,
Of battles fought and victories won;
Ne'er thought of envy, hate,
Nor clash of arms, nor smoke of Hell
Will of his memory ever tell.

The rolling tide of time moves on;
New nations rise in power,
And Heaven bequeathes a Washington,
Star of new empire's hour.
Who first in peace, tho' brave in war,
Led on to victory, Morning Star,
A brightness ne'er to lower;

Fame wove her garland then, and now,
It circles unforgotten brow.

The luster of a name thus won,
Wealth of a thousand thrones;
Will tarnish not, but still lives on,
It was not born of groans.
'Twas not conceived of selfish pride,
Nor nursed with blood of him that died;
Ne'er heard the dying moans,
But of a nobler, grander fate,
An human life to animate.

Go ask the freedman of the day,
Whose fetters rusty are,
The hand that led them all the way,
And set the gates ajar;
And gave to men their heaven-born right
A greater conflict—greater fight,
More mighty still by far.
Name ever dear to sire and son,
Lincoln—and millions hail well done.

Time treasures up the dust of those
Of noble, manly worth,
And on the worthy head bestows
The priceless boon of earth;

Not gems of gold, nor wealth of name,
If born of other's grief and pain,
 But those of grander birth;
Of better mold than him that bears
The triumph of a thousand scars.

Nor lapse of time, nor wind nor wave,
 Should e'er forget thy name,
Breathes there a soul who would not save
 Thy unpolluted fame?
Thou'lt live, Columbus, in all hearts,
For thou wert made of nobler parts;
 Who would thy glory claim?
No fiend of night, tho' demon he,
Would snatch a single star from thee.

Thus be thy memory ever fresh,
 In hearts both true and bold;
While to the world-time's great behests
 Reverts the name of old.
We'll keep it, guard it, from all harm,
Whether in cloud-burst or in storm;
 Secure in time's safe fold.
Tho' centuries with majestic tread
Swoop down, thy star is overhead.

An Apostrophe to Niagara.

NIAGARA! If all should fail but thee,
Enough is left to prove a Deity.
Fly winds of night beyond the reach of space
In thee we view His glories and His face.
In thee, great cataract, in mirrored form,
Reflected in the breeze at birth of morn,
Jehovah shines in majesty sublime,
The past, the present, and through coming time.

God of the Sparrow! why should man disdain
To own the Father, or miscall thy name?
Living or dead, thy hand is over all,
Kings in thy sight are earthly and but small;
Their boasted pomp,—their courage and their
power,
Lost in a moment, buried in an hour,
Is but a shadow passing 'neath the sun;
A moment's greatness and their power is done.

Niagara! from out thy awful roar,
A whispering voice is heard from shore to shore;
The voice of inspiration and of God—
The life within that animates this clod;

A portion and a part of thee and me,
And has been given immortality;
And when thy thunderings cease, silent and dead,
God will look down on thee, from overhead.

Rush on, ye waters, to the quiet sea,
Struggling in madness, soon thou shalt be free.
Tho' tempest tossed, and rock bound at the last,
When all is calm, the breakers safely passed,
A rest awaiteth thee, on that fair shore,
Beyond the tumult of the cataract's roar,
Where Heaven's eternal bow of love shall shine,
Where ages are unknown—Eternity is time.

* * * *

To climb the trackless mountains to the sky,
And view the works of Nature from on high;
To brave the rapids of an angry tide,
Where just beneath whose surface dangers hide;
To view the falling waters as they leap
And follow on their course to ocean deep;
To see the tall spires pointing to the sky,
Beacons of hope! O soul, thou canst not die!
Has been our lot since first we spread the sail
That has so safely borne us on the gale.

A word that has and must be said again
Though born of tears and nurtured in great pain,

Farewell ! the parting hour, the last embrace,
While leap the tears from out their hiding place.
Farewell ! the sails are shivering in the wind
To bear us to the loved ones left behind;
We part, but for a day, we meet again
Upon the beach, where we shall all remain.
There, on the ocean of God's boundless love,
Forever will our bark so proudly move,
Earth's tempests then may rage, the billows roar,
And dashing cataracts heard from shore to shore,
And rocks and mountains high, and raging sea
And chilling blasts fly round impetuously !
Ours be the triumph, ours a heavenly band,
As we meet each other there, in a holier, happier
land.



Ode to Lexington.

Being the Centennial Anniversary day of the first battle fought in the war of the Revolution, April 19th, 1775.

'TIS past—a hundred years ago,
Drums wake thee for the strife!
Thou first to vanquish Freedom's foe
And give this nation life;
In that dark hour thy sons were brave,
In Freedom's name they fought to save
This land with blessings rife!
God bless their offspring o'er the earth!
None else can boast of greater birth.

Ill natured Despot—curse the day,
When on New England's soil
Thy minions charged in dire affray,
Those sturdy sons of toil;
'Twere well thou soughtst the hour of night,
Dark deeds come not before the light,
Unwelcome the turmoil!
In shame proud England, history
Has not a warm embrace for thee.
Full many a land, o'er many a sea,
Thy flag in triumph waves—

But in this land of liberty,
 There dwell no abject slaves:
No craven race to bend the knee
To tyrants whosoe'er they be!
 And fill polluted graves;
For Freedom's harps are sweetly strung
In melody on every tongue.

Thy triumph, Lexington hath won
 Thee many a laurel true—
Thy star is brightness, like the sun,
 Shines through the azure blue.
Though centuries unnumbered roll,
Emblazoned let thy faithful scroll,
 With liberty's bright hue,
Spread o'er the earth and sea and main,
The triumphs of that hour proclaim.

The earth hath witnessed many a flood,
 Withstood the thundering shock!
But trembled when she drank the blood
 That sprung from Plymouth Rock.
Heaven frowned on tyrants from that hour,
And scattered all their boasted power;
 But safely led his flock
Through seas of blood and starless night;
Sustained them in his power and might,

Shall we, the children of brave sires,
The records safely keep?
Or, smouldering lie those sacred fires
In charred and blackened heap?
Oh! Liberty burst forth in flame,
Light up the eastern sky in name
And deed; why can'st thou sleep!
Till over all thy power display,
And reign in an eternal day.

High raise thy scepter in command,
Ten thousand columns strong
Are waiting for the order grand,
With trumpet and with song;
Their sabers glisten in the light;
Press forward, Justice, Truth and Right
Will proudly march along;
Nor leave one lingering soul behind!
March on! and rescue all mankind.

Proud Lexington! thy sun ne'er sets,
But from meridian height
A brighter story still begets
Thy day-star crowned with light;
When foes assailed thee on thy way,
And darkness followed for a day,
Yet lead, st thou us aright;

As "Bethlehem's Star" in luster sweet,
"Led on to the Messiah's feet."

Bright dawn of liberty awake
The nations of the earth!
The feast prepared—let all partake
With unabated mirth;
The high, the low, of poor estate,
Thy bounty oft should animate;
Naught else of greater worth!
To gain thee, what a priceless gem,
Thy crown a peaceful diadem.

Millions now live in strength and power
While they, who, yet unborn,
Will in their freedom bless the hour
Thy barque outrode the storm,
O'er boisterous waves and billows high!
Tho' thunder burst and blazing sky!
Still proudly glides thy form;
Oh! who can tell, or who can see
Thy onward march and destiny?

The conflict's past—the seal is set—
The victory proudly won;
No more the earth with blood is wet
Like that of Lexington!

Immortal men, your names will shine
Bright in the hist'ry of all time,
 With that of "Washington!"
Bequeath we then, till latest breath
Thy triumphs, in the hour of death.

Millford, April 19th, 1875.



Columbia.

WHEN Athens reigned proud queen of all the world,
With outstretched arms and banners all unfurled;
Her sons and daughters flew to her embrace,
And in her halls of learning there to trace
The way to knowledge, science, virtue, fame—
Which gave to her a proud, undying name.

She from exalted height and bounteous store,
Led on the way, and opened wide the door;
Threw down all barriers, raised the ensign high,
Of knowledge, ever towering in the sky.
Far up above the world-aerial height,
She soared aloft in grand majestic flight;
Drank from the fountains of poetic fire,
And in grand chorus keyed the tuneful lyre.

Greece! once fair Greece, thy name in story lives,
While all the world to thee a tribute gives;
We love thy works of art! Can time efface
One star of all thy crown, one ray deface?
Cursed be the hand that would thy beauty stain,
But rather let thy virtues all remain.

We turn from Greece, fair clime of domes and towers,
To hail Columbia, this land of ours;

Rich in the blessings Nature hath bestowed,
Revered, exalted, and by all beloved!
Ours, the broad empire, stretched from sea to sea,
Cradled and nurtured—born of liberty;
Ours, with its silvery lakes and sunny isles,
And vales and nooks where every season smiles;
Ours, with its mountain peaks in grandeur high,
Rising in proud tiara greets the sky.
We love thee! bless thee! hail thee as the best,
Clime of the free and brave; clime of the west.

King, prince and potentate with us the same,
They and they only reach immortal name,
Who by their genius, honesty and trust
Are known to be made out of better dust.
With us no rank or title makes the man,
Nor has, nor ever will, since time began;
With us religion seeks to save the soul,
But never has nor ever will control
The ship of state. We bend to no man's rod,
One sovereign power, Jehovah, only God!

His hand has touched the mountain, vale and plain,
And given the tint to every drop of rain;
His breath comes o'er the sea a gentle wind,
And tempers every shore to cheer mankind;
He paints the mists and turns the night to day—
He speaks, and tempests cease and winds obey;

And such our God! We only know the one
Great source of being life and light and sun.

Of our fair sons and daughters, who can trace
Their onward march and destiny and place?
Our halls of learning open, wide and free,
An heritage to all posterity.

Beneath our pillared domes and classic towers,
(Illuminated by the toil of midnight hours)
Bloom gardens green; all may partake, embrace,
From every clime or state, of every race.

Athens! Proud Athens! Queen as once thou wert,
Mistress of language, science, beauty, art;
Can'st thou, from thy reserve so long enthroned,
Point out the spot where knowledge ever bloomed

So fair, so free as on Columbia's shore,
Or where less billows roll or oceans roar?
No! Ours the triumph, ours to win the fight,
And ours to conquer, ours to choose the right.

Our banner once so torn still proudly flying,
Waves over sea and land, and groans and dying
Are heard no more, and peace now reigns
Where once the human soul was bound in chains.

The God of battles, from exalted height,
Looked down and gave the victory to the right,
And from the ankles of the fettered slave
No clank is heard, the sound has sought the grave.
Here 'round our country's altar stained in gore,
Shall freedom rule and reign forevermore;
And from her pennon's lofty height proclaim,
A new born Athens, free in deed and name,
Forever to endure, forever to remain.

Ah! who may tell of ocean and of wave,
(A pilgrim band set out the tide to brave,)
With up-turned eyes, away from tyrant's nod;
Star of the western sky, and faith in God?
Empire of freedom, bright thy morning star
Shines o'er the trackless deep from shores afar;
Bear down the sail that drinks the favoring breeze,
And wafts the Mayflower with such souls as these.

Freedom, thy birth place Heaven, no star more bright,
Then all the galaxy of nature's night;
Throned on a thousand thrones and pillars strong,
And trumpet voice in sweet melodious song,
The winds take up the notes, prolong the strain,
And hail thy coming in a glad refrain.

Clime of the west, where sun and soil
Rear men of nerve and hands of toil;

My Wife and I.

A Home Ballad.

TELL, wife, sit down, come take your time
The world is moving on;
Let's talk this matter over now
For soon we'll both be gone!
Let's see how matters stand with us
As life's sands disappear!
And balance up our toils on earth,
As death is drawing near.

You well remember in the start,
Full forty years ago;
We joined our capital with each
'Twas small, but then you know
We had no fears of thieves at night,
From slumber ne'er a start!
Our doors were bolted firm and strong,
Our banks each loving heart.
From week to month, from month to year
We labored on as one!
And now think's I, I'll call you wife
Before our race is run!
And tell you how I've labored on
For whom; for what and why!

Then should the anchor drop at once
I'll harbor in the sky.

First, you, dear wife, of all the earth
I swore to love and cheer!
When at the altar of your heart
I knelt at tender year!
How well I've kept that promise true
Let forty years attest!
This one thing sure, through all that time
I've done my level best.

Ah! why those tears bedim your eyes?
Maybe you think me wrong;
Or were you thinking of those years
In which were many storms;
If so, remember, wife, for all
However dark the day;
Behind each cloud that over cast
Each had its silv'ry ray.

Remember well that forty years
Are fraught with many cares;—
How many times we're called upon
To shun temptation's snares;
Now draw the line, then add them up
In one grand aggregate:
And tell me by some certain rule
How oft you find me late.

You know when politics run high,
When treason armed for fight!
We both together counseled—both
Agreed in what was right!
We gave our sons to save the flag,
'Twas very hard to part;
I sorrowed as the hour drew nigh,
I feared 'twould break your heart.
In years long passed when called upon
To leave all else but me!
The first to step upon the plank
That bore us 'cross the sea,
Was you! and well I loved the smile,
Made sweet by falling tears,
Its beacon light has been my guide
'Through all my care-worn years.
But as we neared our journey's end,
(Which nothing ought beguile)
I've wondered in my heart of hearts
What saddened that sweet smile:
It has been my study day and night
To *fathom that deep sea;*
And find the rock on which 'twas laid,
However deep it be.
I cannot see in all the count
So much I've been to blame!

Unless it be that I have erred
In seeking earthly gain;
By letting other spheres alone;
Keeping my eye on this;
Living outside all written creeds
My rule of synthesis.

Ah! wife, I ken those moistened eyes,
'Twere well we both are here,
For years gone by, (the secret is)
You'd labored on in fear;
When called to leave this earthly house
When pierced by death's keen dart!
Your only sorrow here has been
We two shall live apart.

I've kept this matter close in mind;
I've studied nature's laws;
And let my gray hairs here attest
In them I find no flaws.
The tumult of the cataract.
The dashing and the spray.
Are placid waters when they reach
The harbor of the bay.

We've passed the summit of our years!
We're on the Sunset Slope!

And, viewing now those Sunset Seas
This is my golden hope.
Together as we've labored here
To climb this rocky steep!
Together we shall follow on
When 'cross't the golden deep.



The Macabees Fraternity.

Inscribed to Isaac N. Savage, Berrien Springs, Mich.

WHEN first creation dawned, and buds and flowers
Burst forth to beautify this world of ours;
God spake, and lo! in His most wondrous plan;
All things created—"let us now make man."
An so, from out this new made, fruitful earth,
From dust a being came, of grandest birth;
Fashioned by his Creator, and of mould
Image of Him—spotless and pure as gold.
But man alone would not fulfil His will;
A help-mate he must have, in good or ill.
In joy or sorrow, let what may betide,
A friend is always needed at our side.

From this first pair we glean a truth as old
As is creation; and from it behold
The wisdom of a higher power than man,
A law that's stood, and will, since time began.

Nature inexorable, nor wind, nor tide,
Can thwart her purpose—from her presence hide;
Around, above, below, in all we see,
As lambs to slaughter, yield to her decree.

Should rolling tide grow mad, or wind or wave
Scoff at her edicts, frown and rend and rave,
Soon must her power be felt—her being whole,
Assert her will and judgment—her control.

Man, tho' in image of his Maker, God,
Obeys the voice, and bends to nature's nod;
And when submissive, smooth the race to run,
The victory's gained e'en it has just begun.

His being complex, portions of the whole,
A crown of hope and coronet of soul;
He treads the earth a monarch; all his ways
Are fashioned for the comfort of his days.

With all his knowledge, wisdom, power made known,
To him 'tis solitude if all alone;
Of being such, the world must share his joy—
His sorrow and his grief—such the alloy
Of human life—there are no Lethen springs
Of unforgetfulness, as on life's wings
He flies, however short the flight, he needs
Companionship of those whose loving deeds,
Bring to his life below a taste of heaven,
And cheers him on his way—in mercy given.

From time remote, eras and epochs gone,
Ages of bronze and iron and of stone,

More hands were needed than one man could lend
To rear great temples—home and all defend.
And Egypt's pyramids, and garden walls
Of Babylon, and mausoleum's halls,
And Rhodes, with her colossus, still remains
To show that man alone, one only tower—
Displays but little of great strength and power.

But when an union of both heart and hand,
Takes up the work and moves in Phalanx grand,
The structure rises, and without delay,
The temple's reared before 'tis close of day.

Thus the design from first, in God's own mind,
To form a fellowship of all mankind;
A brotherhood of men, fraternal, wise,
Ready to help the fallen to arise;
Earnest and willing ever to relieve
The suffering, when called upon to grieve;
Whate'er his rank, condition, or estate,
His wants relieve, his virtues animate,
And light a fire within the down-cast soul,
Embers of love, and vigor to the whole.

Where shall we look, or where are we to find,
A band of brotherhood, whose soul and mind
Look out beyond the individual self,
And not self constituted, wedded to pelf;

But that a brother, struggling 'gainst the tide,
Of all the tempests, storms that e'er betide;
His voyage o'er the ocean of this life,
Rough though it be, with ill winds ever rife!
The answer comes—'tis found, 'tis ours to own,
Tho' not for us to boast—not ours alone;
The world can join in loud and long acclaim,
And winds take up the sweet and glad refrain,
And zephyrs soft and low as evening breeze,
Prolongs the strain, and whispers—'Maccabees.'



Till the Shadows Lower.

WE never think of darkness till the shadows o'er
us lower;
Nor of storm until the tempest comes in fury and in
power;
Nor of night while yet 'tis noon-day and all nature in her
pride;
Think we not that clouds may gather, ere the hour of
eventide.

We never think of sorrow when our joy is at its height,
Nor of danger, ever near us, 'till we enter into fight;
Nor of bitter tears and anguish 'till they overtake and
meet
At a time when life's most joyous, and our happiness
complete.

We never pause and ponder, that before our journey's end
Many hidden rocks and quicksands may our daily walks
attend;
That thorns along our way-side spring, night comes while
yet 'tis day,
That frosts of times, with sharpened tooth, may nip the
flowers of May.

We little think of others in their struggles of the hour,
'Till waves bear down upon us in all their maddened
power.

We little prize the friendship that takes root in trusty
heart,
'Till its beatings are all over, and the sparks of life depart.

Our years are years of thoughtlessness, our days like as
the stream
That flows along from week to week meandering into
dream;
Tho' flowers along the banks spring up, sweet zephyrs fill
the air,
And whitened sails are bearing down to harbors bright
and fair.

When our barque is sailing smoothly o'er the ocean wide
and deep,
And stars look down upon us as tho' they never weep,
We little care for adverse gale, and tide, tho' it run high;
If so it be our own is safe, and winds and waves pass by.

We never prize the blessings sent to us from on high,
Nor feel that God is with us—that He is ever nigh,
Until our lamps cease burning and darkness hovers round,
And suns grow dim at midday, and sorrows dost abound.

Sleep not, O mortal! dream not on, nor slumber while 'tis
day;

But wake to all the scenes of life before they pass away.

Up! work and wait through cloud and storm for calmer
tide above;

Up! work and wait for thy reward—the measure of God's
love.

FRANCIS BROWNING OWEN.

Cloquet. Minn., Dec. 15th, 1892.



Columbus.

TO THOMAS W. PALMER, Esq., President, Etc.

In dedicating this poem to you, I hope I have not taken an unwarranted liberty, and that you will not only consider it as a pleasure on my part, but will accept it as a token of great respect I hold for you, not merely as a private citizen but also as a public man. Conditions in life come to all, and he who best fills his place is looked upon as the one who should be promoted.

Your public life is perhaps as well rounded up as that of any human person, so much so that there is no place in which you could be placed that would add to your already well-earned fame. The Divine Poet wrote "Promotion cometh not from the East nor from the West, but from God," and all along adown the ages we see the fulfillment of this Divine saying.

Knowing as I do, I feel as though your heart takes in this great truth and that all our blessings are from the great fountain of all. This poem I feel will not reach the high standard it should to fully portray the man, Columbus, but while it may fall short of all the qualities that a poem of this nature should, yet I have endeavored to make it of sufficient interest to warrant its perusal, and that you will not consider the time spent in its perusal entirely squandered. Presiding over the ceremonies, the occasion of which was brought about by the discovery of this continent by the name which forms this caption, you, of all others, will be best prepared to judge of the merits of the composition, and whatever your judgment may be, I shall receive as a true verdict.

From your great knowledge and love of measured verse, should I receive even a very small mead of praise, I shall feel as though I am fully repaid for all the time bestowed upon its writing, having placed another star in the diadem of that "brave mariner" of old, "who first sought out an unknown shore."

Cloquet, Minn., November 22nd, 1892.

Francis B. Owen.

THE pauper pilot turned his prow
The western sun to greet,
And o'er the unknown waters sailed
Columbus with his fleet.

His faith a rock, his zeal untamed,
He knew no adverse gale,
And only waited God's good time
To spread the whitened sail.

Toil, penury and grief his lot
Through years most dark and drear
Undaunted still, though billows rolled,
He little knew of fear.

Mid tears and prayers and last farewells;
Sad partings though they be,
His fleet moves out for unknown worlds,
For lands beyond the sea.

To India, rich in gems and gold
No thought of brighter shore,
His ships bore down upon the wave
Though never ship before.

Upon the trackless ocean wide
Sailed his heroic band;
Long days and weeks without a sign
Or sight of promised land.

His faith throughout these trying hours
Unshaken still remains;
He feels that the Almighty One
Forever rules and reigns.

He feels the chosen of his God;
The Gospelwide to spread,
And in his name—his trusted name,
He feels that he is led.

Land ho! Land ho! the joyful sound
Burst on the waiting ear;
Faith lost in sight, fruition come,
The long sought goal is near.

At day dawn, an October sun
Dispelled all doubts and fears;
The waters of the deep rolled back
And tropic land appears.

Saint Salvadore, the title given
E'en still it bears the name
Of Savior, in an hour of need—
A keystone to his fame.

Mount Ararat was ne'er more hailed—
No more by prayer and song,
Than this new world now burst in sight,
In faith looked for so long.

And little dreamed this man of will,
This monarch of the sea,
What had been done; let ages tell
Of greatest victory.

A new world, princes lend the ear
The story when 'twas told,
And thousands hail with joy and pride
This mariner of old.

He was not mad nor crazed before
His prows turned towards the West,
He walked by Faith's unerring voice,
The safest and the best.

God piloted him o'er the deep;
Inspired him to the task,
And gave him wisdom in good time
And victory at last.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

To Him all things, days, weeks and years,
Are one eternal now,
To us the future unrevealed
Comes on we know not how.

Beyond the ocean's tides, and far
One spirit and one power,
Looks through the vista of all time
Controls each passing hour.

Oceans and continents all his own,
Time, tide, the rolling earth,
And stars look down as bright as though
They, too, were of new birth.

Suns rise and set, moons wax and wane,
Empires and kingdoms fall,
Seed time and harvest come and go
As He doth order all.

And in His own good time, and when
To Him it seemeth right,
New worlds appear, great tides flow out
In majesty and might.

And so in all God's wonderful works
The appointed hour will come,
And what to mortals seemeth ill
With Him is all well done.

Proud Cathay Queen of all the east
And Mangi of the sea,
Where mighty monarchs reign in state,
And sway in majesty.

And teeming cities of the Ind
Of numbers who may tell,
Were visions bright of slumbers born;
None others him befell.

That greater continents by far,
Between two oceans shore;
Where fairer worlds of greater girth
Than e'en was known before.

Yet in God's providence and ways
Fair Cathay and Mangi,
Were but the phantoms that led on
Where Western islands lie.

Thus after years—years full of faith,
Of poverty and grief—
Came the reward so long withheld;
Came the long sought relief.

Most noble Queen thy crown should be
A diadem most bright,
Amid the galaxy of stars,
Thine own should shine most bright.

Four hundred years have rolled their course
Four hundred years gone by;
And seventy millions place thy name
'Mong stars that shine on high.

Throughout these years Columbus lives,
In books and stories told,
His name is heard on every tongue—
Is sung by young and old.

Columbia, revered, beloved,
Land of the blest and free!
Thy banner torn yet drinks the breeze
Of every sun-lit sea.

Her sons, ah! who may tell of deeds
More noble true and brave!
The valor of whose lives lives on
As long as flag shall wave.

Thus sing we all in strains of joy,
In melody sublime;
All hail, all hail Columbia's pride
Blest land of the Divine!

NOTES.

Columbus was dubbed the pauper pilot as he traveled from place to place seeking assistance to carry out his enterprise.

Columbus supposed when he set sail that he was steering for India and until his death. After making several more voyages to the West Indies died supposing it was that fairy land he had discovered, etc., etc.

Isabella, Queen of Castile, and her husband, Ferdinand, at last listened to Columbus, and a fleet consisting of three ships and one hundred and twenty men turned their prows towards the West and after several weeks of sailing the island of San Salvadore was discovered on the morning of the twelfth of October, A. D., 1492.

Saint Salvadore is one of the group of the West India Islands, and received its name from Columbus, the English translation being Saviour.

Watchmen, What of Zion's Morning?

SACRED MELODIES.

WATCHMEN, what of Zion's morning?
What the tidings of the hour?
Hast thou slept, or art thou keeping
Watch from out your sacred tower?
Walls, Jerusalem, forever,
Be thou firm, enduring, strong.
Perish not, with soul endeavor,
Sound the tocsin loud and long.

God hath spoken, heed the warning,
Keep not silent day or night;
The Messiah's fires keep burning—
Watchmen, telling of the light.
World of darkness, hail thy coming—
Jesus, the Incarnate One.
Angel voices loud proclaiming,
Joy of earth! the Lord has come.

Watchmen, long thy duties seemeth,
Ere the sun in glory shines;
Still his rays forever beameth,
Light and joy, with love divine.

Servants of the Living Master,
Guard thy charge in sun or cloud,
Storms may come and sad disaster
Ever be thy spirit proud.

Isaiah, LXII, 6 vs.



Star of the Night and Sun of Day.

STAR of the night and sun of day,
Thy beauty is not told in story;
As travelers on thy winding way
Declare God's goodness and His glory.

Ye heavens, look down! rejoicing on earth,
And chant in praises of his kindness;
And warbling birds in tuneful mirth—
Notes keyed in joy, in hope and gladness.

O, winds, sing round! O, breezes, strong!
And tides bear forth the song of ocean;
And nations join in anthems long,
And sing in joy of his devotioⁿ

Then in grand chorus loud and sweet,
Creation joins—harmonious keeping—
As waters to each others meet,
And flow in concert—joyful greeting.

Psalm, XIX., 2s. 1.

Spirit of Everlasting Life.

SPIRIT of Everlasting Life,
From bounteous store hath given;
A home and dwelling place in Thee,
As earth's chains all are riven.

Who first and last—forever was—
Our souls in love and burning;
To meet Thee when our day is passed
Our numbered days of yearning.

For in Thy sight a thousand years
Are but as one—no ending—
Eternal all—what joy and love,
In all Thy being blending.

Like grass our years soon withered lie—
Years full of weeping, sorrow;
And tho' to-day clouds overcast,
The sun will beam to-morrow.

Thus generations come and pass!
Yet Thou art still in keeping;
And there, within Thy presence, Lord,
Is heard no voice of weeping.

Most glorious thought! most raptured bliss!
 Waits on our every coming;
Ye angels of the throne reach down
 And join in all the crowning.

Psalm XC.



Dreams of My Childhood.

Inscribed to Robert Gamble, Farmington, Mich.

©FT in my dreams of childhood, as the years are passing by,
I seem to linger on the scene and ask the reason why
Life's June month, with its roses fair and sunny skies
above
Have all departed from me, have flown with all my love.
I seem to ponder o'er the past and grieve for years gone
by;
For, since their sunny days have fled, so dark has been
my sky;
And would I were a boy again, in youthful, laughing glee,
To romp the woodlands, hill and dale in sportiveness so
free.
Ah, well do I remember me, sweet summer of my life,
We built the play-house in the green and she my little
wife;
'Twas childhood's innocence and pure, we loved as children love,
And yet I cannot e'er forget our vows were sealed above,
And so, as days and weeks passed by, our play-house in
the green
Became a living one to us and not an idle dream;

We toiled and planned as others do, whose hair is tinged
with gray,
And thought the world was made for us—for us in one
short day.

We planned just what we would do in life when older
grown in years;
Tho' sometimes just behind a smile there lingered falling
tears;
And Bessie, with her apron white, and eyes of deepest
blue,
Would turn from me in bashfulness, as older people do.

But soon those tears were wiped away, her little apron
white
Would dry the moisture from those orbs and all would
beam of light,
And thus from day to day we loved, in sunshine or in
shade,
And thought the rainbow with its tints was never made to
fade.

Soon passed the weeks and months away, the play-house
near the stream
Was standing still where first 'twas built, its leaves had
shed their green

And withered, and boughs that once sheltered us from
sun,
And in the little chairs we'd made there seemed to sit
but one.

The little table, once our pride, was standing as of yore;
Upon its top were withered leaves, blown through the
open door,
Where Bessie hung her apron white to make our house
complete;
Who'd thought of such a door as this but she, so young,
so sweet.

The birds that sung their matins in branches that hung
o'er
Were mute, and naught was ne'er the spot as in days
before;
And trees that once majestic stood—their boughs oft
kissed our cot—
Were leafless, withered and decayed, but one was ne'er
forgot.

Years since we built that play-house green have rolled
their course away,
And naught is left to mark the scene but dust and dear
decay;

Yet memory sweet of by-gone days still lingers round my
heart.

I would not for a world of wealth, I would not say depart.

I turn life's pages o'er and o'er to view naught else but
sadness

Save in the spring-time of my life, when all was joy and
gladness;

Those sunny days and star-lit skies forever round me
dwell;

Those youthful smiles and loving eyes forever on me
swell.

Could I but live those days again, could I but reap the
joy

That once was mine in youth's fair time, when I a glad-
some boy—

The world to me would be all life, all sunshine, all in
tune,

Could I but tarry still on earth while life was in its June.

Decoration Poem.

THE THAT hath stood beneath the lofty dome
That overlooks Potomac's shining wave,
May see upon the walls as once they shone,
In sunlight of the past the honored brave—
And o'er the chain of history, link by link,
Tread through those silent halls deserted now,
And listen to the falling falchions clink
That smote to dust the chieftain's brow.

He who hath lived since Sumpter's fated fall,
Through years of blood-shed, death, disease and woe,
May see spread o'er the earth a gloomy pall,
In north or south, where'er his footsteps go,
See weeping mothers, bending o'er the tomb,
And loving sisters standing side by side,
Lamenting the sad fate, that awful doom
That one so young, alas! the grave doth hide.

As booming cannon ushered in the morn
It woke to life, to duty and to arms,
A nation strong—unlike great princes born—
As toilers we lived; our boasted charms
Were honest hearts and true and trusty hands;
We labored on through each succeeding year

And blessings followed us throughout the land,
 With happiness and wealth our lives to cheer.
But when the sound had reached our northern shore,
 Then passed to where Pacific's waters roar,
And echoed back to Lake Superior's strand,
 With one accord the shout came, save our land;
Rise, men of nerve! the battle's now begun;
 Leave home and friends, take up the sword and gun,
Meet every traitor on a southern soil,
 And drive him back with arms inured to toil.
Then went they forth to meet the leaden hail,
 As Sumpter's walls 'neath southern bullets quail;
Unmasked they took the front to meet the tide
 Of fire that swept in horrid circles wide;
There, fought and died the noblest men of earth;
 Sons of brave sires, arise, defend thy birth,
To save this country free without a stain
 From slavery's galling yoke—except in name.
Where rest those honored dead, where sleep the brave
 Who first to march this land of ours to save?
Ask yonder southern vale, the plains, the nooks;
 Go wander o'er the soil, ask of the brooks;
That here and there, all over this fair land,
 Sleep your brave sons beneath a burning sand;
Or under the ocean's billowy wave—
 There, there you'll find the hero's lonely grave.

No sister's hand to strew his grave with flowers,
Nor stone to mark the spot; the wind and showers
Are all that pass o'er his heroic grave,
To tell the resting spot of one so brave;
Nor mother's hand, as if by magic power,
To sooth his pallid brow in death's dark hour,
Was there to watch his lisping, faltering breath;
Alone he bravely faced and met his death.

There must he rest, unnoted and alone,
Save in the hearts of those he left at home,
Till God who rules in battles from on high,
Shall summon all his warriors to the sky.
Then will his spirit gain a heavenly host,
Free from all strife or idle words of boast;
Where crowned with glory for his noble deed,
A peaceful haven waits him as his mead.

Treason has done its worst; his poison breath
Has filled our land with graves, while here in death
Sleep your brave sons, cut down in early prime
By leaden hail sent from his battle line,
Or starved in pen where reptiles thick abound,
To die unaided, by a traitor's wound;
Unshorn of all his greatness, treason's power,
Eclipsed his sun while at its midday hour.

But hark! A mighty shout, a nation's voice
Comes o'er the land, praise God, rejoice, rejoice!

Treason surrendered, break the prison bars,
Wave high, that banner free, the stripes and stars!
His mighty chivalry, his ensigns fall,
Richmond and Andersonville surrender all;
All, all are ours; with one united cry,
Yield to our sons the palm of victory.

Bring hither all the flowers, strew wide the ground
Where rest these heroes in their sleep profound;
Here let us weave a garland for each grave,
Then waft the tidings o'er the ocean's wave,
That those who fell in freedom's deadly strife,
Have left a record dearer far than life—
Have left a country peaceful, firm and free,
Whose banner floats o'er every sun-lit sea.

Hail, white robed angel, spread thy peaceful wing,
And ever let thy loud hosannas ring!
Fly o'er the earth with all thy pinions spread,
And plant the myrtle o'er the silent dead;
Fly from Atlantic's boistrous billows deep,
To where Pacific's peaceful waters sleep;
Then let the nations join—loud chorus sing,
And each to each a peaceful olive bring.

Friendship.

An impromptu poem written at request of my niece, Mrs. Mattie Cummings, of Franklin, Mich., by her uncle, Francis Browning Owen.

O WORD of wondrous meaning,
I clasp thee to my heart!
O breath of summer evening,
Say, why do thou depart?
Is friendship like thee fleeting—
Like morning dews soon gone?
O tell me not thy greeting
From me, alas! has flown.

I would that thou mightst tarry
'Till life's rough path is o'er;
Would hold thee in my bosom,
Now and forevermore.
Tho' suns may set in darkness,
And clouds around me lower,
Forsake me not, tho' sadness
Should pall my sunlit hour.

Stay thou among the bowers,
Rest in the noontide ray;
Depart not, tho' damp showers
May darken all my day.

Too oft, alas! I ponder
Thy ways, and o'er me breathes
A whispering breath of wonder —
Friendship oft times deceives.

Then sit me down in sadness,
The burning tear let fall!
Is there no joy or gladness
For each, for us, for all?
Yes, yes the answer sweetly
Comes to me from on high.
Do well thy part, O mortal,
God rules beyond the sky.

Cloquet, Minnesota, August 1st, 1892.



Thy God My God.

The story of Ruth which suggested these lines is, perhaps, the most entertaining of all the stories in Holy Writ.

The reader will observe by reading the four books of Ruth as a reward for her steadfastness and fidelity, she became the lineal ancestor of David, and so on down to the Saviour. It will repay all to read and study the history of this remarkable woman, as given in the Bible.

Fields of Judah, yellow, waving;
Rich the harvest, bright the sun,
Bethlehem's voices high upraising,
Join in anthems---heart and tongue.

Ho, ye gleaners, strong and faithful!
Gather in the golden grain;
Ever steadfast, ever grateful,
God has smiled on Judah's plain.

Rusty cycles, turn to brightness,
Nerve the arm for every hour,
Hearts o'erflowing soul of gladness,
Reapers forth in strength and power.

Be no idlers round thee waiting
Courage, to take hold the task;
But to hearts of bravery, daring—
Turn not from thee, them that ask.

Moab's daughter comes with greetings,
From her native land afar;

Comes to labor for the gleanings,
She of line "bright morning star."

To the fields her footsteps hastening,
Toiling on till set of sun;
By her deeds of duty, chastening—
Chastening each and every one.

Epochs 'long the line of ages
Mark the milestones on the way;
Time foretold by prophets, sages—
Of Messiah's coming day.

Lo, He comes! the Babe in manger,
Bethlehem's star burst out the sky;
Saviour! Shepherd! He from danger,
Guides the way-worn passer by.

God, from whom was the beginning,
Marks the road our feet must tread;
Rough it be, still at its ending
God is watching overhead.

Sometimes thorns and sometimes flowers
Point the way; he ruleth best.
Sometimes sunshine, sometime showers,
Sometime toil, sometimes rest.

Morning sun is oft time shaded,
Ere it reach the noon-day hour;

Twilight's beam, nor blush nor faded
Brightness rules, in glory, power.

Gleaner, bright thy evening sunset
Sheds its raysthrough coming time;
Saviour slain from the beginning,
Life and Light of the Divine.



A Sonnet.

TO VIOLA.

THE autumn months come laden with ripe fruit,
The grape in clusters hanging from the stem,
And flowers, intermingling, form a diadem,
And crowns all nature in bright garb and suit,
And loveliest hue adorned. Her mellow days
Dress leaves in varied tint—a horded gem—
While warbling songsters, sweet in tuneful lays,
Repeat in joyous song her notes again.
And thou, a child of autumn, tune thy voice
To sweetest symphonies—in sweetest chords;
High be the key-note of thy life; rejoice
In deeds of love, to all thy work and words;
To choose the good always should be thy choice,
And blessings full from heaven, as thy rewards.

Cloquet. Minn., Dec. 29th, 1892.

A Sonnet.

TO FLORA.

FLOWERS born of sunbeams sweet and fresh and fair,
Bedeck the earth when summer skies are bright;
And sweet perfumes are laden on the air,
As forth they fly on wings of swiftest flight,
Giving to earth a freshness, while the morn
Is made all vocal by the song of the bird;
Music in such melodious strains ne'er heard
From ocean's roar by winged winds transferred;
Thou, too, of fair proportion—thou first born—
Come to us when the air was crisp and cold,
To be a comfort when our years grow old;
A shelter from the ills of life—from storm—
From tempest's blast and billows on the deep,
Wilt thou watch o'er us when in death we sleep?

Cloquet, Minn., Dec. 29th, 1892.

Time—Past and Present.

To Prof. J. A. Corbin, A. M., Superintendent Instruction, Pontiac, Mich.:

When I last saw you and received your invitation to recite a poem before the Teachers' Institute, I little thought when you named the subject, "Time—Past and Present," that so soon I should comply with your wishes. In dedicating this poem to you, allow me the remark that it is the longest and most ambitious of my efforts. Though faulty, I know that in the kindness of your heart you will overlook the imperfections, and do me the justice to descant only on its merits. During the very many years that you have acted as instructor, it is safe to say that you have not found perfection in one of the many that have been under your guidance; you will look in vain for it on earth. I have endeavored to make this poem of sufficient interest to warrant its perusal. That you may not consider the time so employed entirely squandered, is the wish of your friend, as always.

BROWNING.

I.

OF time we sing, of tide, the present, past,
 Ages and epochs, days and years soon run,
 And moments, too, with varied scenes, fly fast;
 How short the distance, ere our journey's done!
 By calculation 'tis an easy sum
 To reckon all the moments and the years;
 To count the settings of the western sun,
 And all of life, its troubles, hardships, fears,
 'Tis but a simple task—'tis what one daily hears.

II.

O! glory af our youth, spring-tide of hope,
 When first we wake to happiness and love;

Would that those days could last, the hours mope
That bring us age and toil; the stars above
Are fixed and still, but time flies like the dove,
Nor waits for this or that, nor plea, nor plan,
Scaling the mountain peak and rocky clove,
With pinions spread, designs not to pause for man,
But flies, we know not where, nor when it first
began.

III.

Youth grasps for shadows, but it holds them not;
The bubble bursts—'twere naught but empty air;
The phantom, which the growing brain begot,
Has flown and left us in delusion's snare,
To mourn for what was not, 'tho unaware;
We heed not disappointment's warning voice,
But chase some other object, false tho' fair;
'Twixt gold and sounding brass there's little choice;
Mourn not the lost; look forward and rejoice.

IV.

Here virtue holds her careless livery firm:
With reins of truth she guides the foaming steed,
While love doth ever at her altar burn;
Vice shuns the road—his footsteps oft take heed
To wander not in paths that always lead
Where youth sits smiling at the gates of morn,

Whose tender heart at times, perchance, will bleed;
The beauty of her life, her soul adorn;
Cease, time, thy coming years—do not my youth
deform.

V.

As blooms the rose, when summer draweth nigh,
Drinking the dews that fall at dawn of day,
So youth, fair bud of promise, from on high,
Was given to earth by Him whom stars obey;
Sun, moon, and worlds, their revolutions play
Around and through all space at His command,
And changing seasons follow, day by day,
Held in their orbits by His powerful hand;
With wonder and with awe we view a work so grand.

VI.

'Twere not for us to grasp this mighty plan,
Nor soar with wings beyond our earthly home;
'Tis God alone who reigns supreme, not man,
Whose dwelling is above, whose palace dome
Looks out upon all worlds, e'en tho' alone
They fly through space; his ever watchful eye
Guides and directs their course—they are his own;
And though thro' ages on their course they fly,
He shapes their ends, and rules their destiny.

VII.

Weak, feeble man, from birth a babe remains
In knowledge, tho' he labors on through years;
His songs are empty sounds; his sad refrains
Touch but the key-note of his wants; his fears
But multiply while on his journey; hears
Strange sounds, beholds strange sights, he shuns
the light,
And seeks the darkness; what to him appears
Is but a phantom, and, with all his might,
He cowers at the sound, and trembles at the sight.

VIII.

His selfish pride, tho' never on the wane,
Prompts him to build a theory of his own;
His speculations, fancies, although vain,
To him are weaknesses but little known,
And, like a barren fell of rock and stone,
Where no good seed doth germinate and grow,
He pictures for himself an airy throne,
Where he may sit—look down with scorn below,
And view a world untaught—of wretchedness and
woe.

IX.

Her armies musters, panoplied for war,
Slaves do his will, hirelings his command;

The bugle's note is sounded near and far;
To arms! to arms! is heard o'er all the land;
Friend, foe and brother meet in phalanx grand,
Thirsting for blood like hounds that scent the track
Maddened to frenzy; e'en brother's hand
Is raised 'gainst brother; let the tide set back;
Great God of truth, we pray, wilt thou not coun-
teract?

X.

Will war ne'er cease, dire scourge of all the earth,
'Til oceans fill with crimson human gore?
Will murder, rapine, hell still have a birth,
And peace and love prove barren evermore,
And death and darkness reign from shore to shore?
Hail, white-robed Angel, spread thy peaceful wing
Fly to this wretched earth, from door to door,
And ever let thy loud hosannas ring
In peaceful harmony, that all the world may sing.

XI.

All bloody conflicts end where they began,
Save death and desolation, which are fruits
Of that most poisonous upas, and, for man
To strive in deadly combat, worse than brutes,
For naught but empty fame, he brings his suits
Before the bar of death in strifes of blood,
Deep, dark and damnable—unjust pursuits—

Illicit offsprings of a hydra brood,
Deceitful, venomous, dissemblance of all good.

XII.

Who hath not seen such conflicts, such carnage,
Slaughter and massacre o'er all the earth?
Pride, envy, fame will not their grasp assuage,
While man's conceived in appetites from birth,
His education fiercely drives him forth
To slay and rob his brother—'tis his zeal
To reign a tyrant, tho' of little worth;
He summons all his power for woe or weal,
And would that all the world should at his footstool
kneel.

XIII.

I well remember, when a child, I thought
How slowly ran the years, each day an age,
Each moment like a book, with fancies fraught
Of future years; and on its title page
Were pictured Wealth and Fame. I did engage
To study every leaf; methought that life
Was all it seemed to be. Unlike the sage,
I neither paused nor reasoned in the strife,
But plucked such flowers each day as seemed with
pleasure rife,

XIV.

I thirsted first for wealth, the glittering charms
Of gold caressed my sleep; my frequent dreams
Cradled me softly in the sunbeam's arms,
Where, to the music of the purling streams,
I sweetly did repose. My memory teems
Of childhood's happy hours; I would it were
That all of life was love, a sun whose beams
Expel all hatred, malice—I forbear
To dwell upon the past, but muse on things that are.

XV.

Oft, when I've stood upon the ocean's beach
And watched the ebbing of the watery tide,
And seen far out thereon, beyond my reach,
Tall masts with flowing sails so smoothly glide,
Fanned by a gentle breeze, so proudly ride,
I've cast a longing look and wish that I
Could sail o'er life's rough sea, however wide,
And pass its breakers smoothly, safely by,
My journey's end to reach without a tear or sigh.

XVI.

I've stood beside the dying couch of one
Whose life was ebbing out—far out to sea,
The burden of my prayer, "*Thy will be done;*"
But can'st thou, Lord, restore this child to me?

My supplication grant. I bend the knee
To thy omniscient power; my life, my all
Is clustered round my boy. I would that he
Might tarry still on earth, and that withall
To guide my feeble way, lest I should faint and fall.

XVII.

'Twere not for me ordained—my earnest prayer,
Tho' oft repeated, was from me withheld,
And in my blindness what God's dealings were
I knew not, but I know I did rebel,
And in my solitude (to me a hell),
I cursed the day that even gave me birth,
And in my frenzy recked not what befel;
All things this side of heaven—things of earth
By me were little sought, appeared of little worth.

XVIII.

Fame, Wealth and Power then were empty sounds;
Ambition, Pride and Hope had taken wing,
And left all desolate; in all my rounds,
My beaten track, unlike the gushing spring,
Ne'er sparkled in the light—the only thing
That gave sweet consolation was the thought
That death would follow soon; I then could sing
Of rest and peace at last—by angels taught,
In never-ending strains, of happiness full fraught.

XIX.

I said if this is life, 'twere little worth
The labor we bestow—where is our meed
Of praise? Our recompense, is it of earth?
Fame, Power, Ambition, take but little heed,
Nor pause to bind the wounded hearts that bleed,
But strive to gain the loftiest heights above,
And feast on human sacrifice—their greed
Is never satisfied. I would that love
Could reign and soar supreme, with pinions like the
dove.

XX.

O spirit of the dying captive, speak,
And tell a tale deep-dyed in blood and pain,
When on the rack chained, bleeding, aged and meek
You suffered torture for another's gain;
Your death groans only helped to bind the chain
That held you fast. Speak now from out the sky
To mortals still below—repeat again
The story of that hour. Your dying cry
Ne'er shame Parrhasius—Ambition's perfidy.

XXI.

O false Ambition! with what greedy maw
You prey upon your victims, 'gainst all right;
Thou seek'st thine own vain-glory 'gainst all law
Of reason; Justice, while in strength and might

Thy system doth increase, and in the flight
Deign'st not to pause for sorrow, misery, woe,
Scorning the lowly; if thou shouldst alight
And dwell an equal on the world below,
What gushing rills would start with crystals all below.

XXII.

Fed on the blood of countless numbers slain,
It hungers still for more, and weeps that earth
Should be so small; it would that e'en the main
Was one grand battle-field; that a new birth
Would usher in new worlds of greater girth,
Where it might slake its thirst, its fond desire
On dying empires, thrones, and then go forth,
Clad in its coat of mail, with deadly fire,
To victory and death, in blood and carnage dire.

XXIII.

Thy lusts are never quenched—thy mad desire
Is like a rushing torrent, sweeping on
And down in frenzied zeal; volcanic fire
From out the crater's mouth, ever, anon,
The liquid lava vents its hate upon
The teeming cities lying in its way,
Destruction, devastation follow on.
O vain Ambition, wilt thou longer sway
The nations of the earth, to reign but for a day?

XXIV.

Where is thy glory, France; thy former days
Of pride and beauty, with thy vine-clad hills?
Thy nation's song, the "Marseillaise," in praise
Is heard no more; its music ne'er distills
Sweet accents on the ear. My bosom thrills
Of thy bright days; but now thy songs are tame,
Thy skies are thick and dark, thy running rills
Are red with human gore, thy once fair name
Has flown to brighter climes—bartered for lust and fame.

XXV.

Thy bane has been vain-glory and self-pride—
Food for the young—but babes soon grow in years
To men; and such should always aim to hide
Their childish foibles, and while the tears
Of youth so freely shed flow for vain fears,
In age are dried and few. We look beyond
The phantoms of our youth—our life adheres
To immortality; our souls respond
And drink from sweetest springs—of such the pure are
fond.

XXVI.

Napoleon! the name still lives in story;
Though he has passed away, the records stand.
Fame was his all-absorbing passion—glory
To him was rule and conquer all the land,

Sparing not e'en the lowly with his hand,
But spreading desolation far and near,
Until the world could scarce his rule withstand.
The nations trembled in great awe and fear
Of that inhuman tyrant, ever without a peer.

XXVII.

He did ordain that o'er this rolling earth
From pole to pole his cruel scepter's reign;
And, in his madness, nursed e'en from his birth,
He little recked of misery and pain,
But drew the sword, the better to obtain
Control and rule; a one great *sovereign king*
O'er all the earth, a *monarch* o'er the main,
And at his feet the world its trophies bring,
Then kneel to his commands and of his greatness sing.

XXVIII.

The Roman (Sylla) when his heart was slaked with blood
Of Rome, threw down the dagger; but unlike
All others in his greed, his lack of good
Formed the full base of all his appetite,
Which never was appeased. *Ambition's* flight
Soared over all; unsatisfied, he led
His slaves to Moscow's giddy height,
Amid the storms of winter, all unfed,
Though numberless the slain who on that field lay dead.

XXIX.

Shades of departed dead, arise! awake!

Clad in immortal garments, view thy dust.

Mortality put off; thou canst partake

And feast on better joys. Canker and rust,
Pride, Fame and Station, joined with human lust,

Are all unknown to thee; a brighter morn
Lights up thy Eastern sky, and that thou must

Forever reign o'er nations still unborn

Thou'lt come in peaceful flight, of all those follies shorn.

XXX.

Weighed in the balance, what is hero dust

More than vile clay? Mortality the same;

And, tho' unsparing, still its scales are just,

And measures not to one a poisonous bane,
While to another pomp and glittering fame.

King, prince and potentate, whate'er thy state,
Condition, rank or power, whatever name,

Meet on a common level, as their fate,

The grave, the end of earth, of all of life's estate.

XXXI.

To reign a king for this short life of ours,

To lead vast armies o'er the battle plain,

To gather sweetness from ephemeral flowers,

That turn to gall of bitterness and pain

In one dark hour, just for a moment's gain
Is little worth its cost! 'Twere better far
That life should glow a purer, holy flame,
Twinkling in beauty, like the evening star,
That sets in brightness full o'er Western slopes afar.

XXXII.

O Freedom! 'tis a joy to lisp thy name;
Tho' foes assail thee, thou wilt sure prevail.
In every clime there's left a spark—a flame
To kindle and to fire the heart, all hail!
Thy transit to a peaceful shore—spread sail
O'er oceans deep and wide; thy guiding star
To northward leads thy way; the evening gale
Blows gently o'er thy path, sent from afar
To speed thee on thy course—thy coming is not far.

XXXIII.

Arise! O nations of the earth, arise!
Put off the yoke of bondage—seize the hour,
To break the chains that bind you down—be wise,
Freedom must reign in majesty and power!
Refreshing heaven and earth, like April's shower,
Watering the thirsty soil o'er hill and plain,
To bud and blossom as the morning flower
That drinks of evening dews—heaven's gentle rain
That falls at twilight's hour, and gives new life again.

XXXIV.

What art thou, *Freedom*? Give the slaves their voice
From living graves to answer this demand.
All tyrants banished—let the world rejoice
At such a holy judgment, high command!
Peace, Justice, Love, bear sway o'er all the land;
Mankind are equal in sight of Him
Who holds the circling world within His hand,
And tho' He rules as sovereign Lord and King,
Mercy and Truth abound, fed from a living spring.

XXXV.

Thrones must soon fall, and those who sit thereon
Must take their seat with men of less estate;
Their sculpture, gildings, powers, rest upon
A base that cannot long endure—their fate
Is sealed; nations have groaned beneath the weight
Of monarch's rule; the hour draws near at hand,
A brighter dawn of better days await
The millions yet unborn; o'er all the land
The echo still rebounds in chorus loud and grand.

XXXVI.

Hail, Liberty! thou goddess fair and bright,
Thy scepter wave o'er all the fruitful earth;
Transcendent glory marks thy winged flight;
God! everlasting God! gave thee thy birth;
Heaven and its angels all proclaim thy worth;

All hail! resplendent with thy mission crowned,
Glad tidings to the world in joy and mirth,
Peace, love and goodness, all in one abound—
All hail! all hail! all hail! thrice welcome the glad sound.

XXXVII.

No more let abject slaves, in chains that clank,
Be bound to earth by man, inhuman man.
Burst open prison doors and cells made dank
With blood that once its course as smoothly ran
As tho' it flowed through tyrant's veins. Life's span
Is measured by its rounds—the heart's quick beat
Soon numbers all life's pulse, when once began,
Ne'er ceases in its work—seeks no retreat,
But labors on through life, nor rests in slumbers sweet.

XXXVIII.

Freedom! thy banner torn, yet proudly flying;
Still streams amid the storm of wind and hail;—
"Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,"
Is heard above the tempest's sounding gale,
And will withstand its fury—will prevail,
Conquer and wave triumphant over all
Oppression, tyranny and lust; thy sail
Is spread, bear on, whatever may befall,
Thou'lt ride above the billows, however great or small

XXXIX.

The sighs, the groans of all the chained and dying;
The burning tears of thousands now bound down!
Upon *thee* call to end this pain and crying;
To face oppression with an earnest frown—
The *Cross* must yet become the victor's crown;
The agonizing look from out the eye
Of slaves in dungeons damp, cries out—sinks down
Into thy heart of hearts; oh, Freedom, fly!
O'er all this dark, dark earth, and light its Eastern sky.

XL.

Ten thousand columns wait thy glorious coming;
Ten thousand horsemen clad in armor bright,
With glit'ring sabres, all in line are forming,
While trumpet's blast and bugle's sound at night,
Proclaim thy near approach—the dawning light,
Joy fills the ranks, its soul is unconfined;
Justice and Truth! twin sisters of the right!
Are born to bless the world, their love's entwined
Around the human heart—there let it be enshrined.

XLI.

Too long within the tomb has liberty hovered;
It now must burst its bonds—send forth its flame;
Nations are trembling that have kept it covered,
Thinking to hide its brightness and its name!

Volcanoes ne'er are quenched—they still remain
Deep down within the bosom of the earth,
A pent up cauldron to break forth again
In greater madness, with a newer birth
It breaks its prison cell, in sulphurous fire springs forth.

XLII.

So liberty! tho' smothered oft and long,
Lives on and smoulders in the human breast;
Its fires keep burning' tho' its funeral song
I chanted o'er the land from east to west;
It breathes the breath of life in quiet rest,
To rise in splendor as its dawn appears,
Giving to nations, its divine behests,
All doubts expelling—putting off of fears,
Of a misjudged state, ripe in her pent up years.

XLIII.

When first the living blood through all these veins,
Kindled my sense of thought, I loved the sound,
Sweet solace to my ear; its heavenly strains
Thrilled the life current as it swept around!
I sought its presence; here a balm is found
Where weary man may rest secure and free,
Instead of chains to bind him firmly down,
Knowledge and Station, Power are given, these three
Combine to raise mankind from depths of misery,

XLIV.

Shall man continue always in his madness?
I said; if so, where is the living God?
Shall seasons come and go with varied hues of gladness,
Bringing no joy to him who tills the sod;
Nor hope, nor cheer, but that to shun the rod?
I wept with tears fast streaming down in sorrow;
I prayed in earnest faith—there is a God!
He rules to-day and lives in the to-morrow;
Faint not, be of good cheer—of doubts thou need'st not
borrow.

XLV.

I saw a cloud high in the western sky,
Deep, black and large; I knew a storm
Was near, and as I watched its course, the eye
Drank in the history of years. 'Twas morn,
And as the day wore on, I sat forlorn,
Half hoping, half despairing, when a light
Broke in upon my soul! *Four millions born*
To liberty! John Brown was right;
That day's sun never set in an eternal night.

XLVI.

Hark! 'tis the sound of cannon—Sumter falls,
And liberty's assailed—arise! defend!
The hope of millions, like her battered walls,
Is trembling in the breeze—evils portend!

God only knows how this dread strife will end.
O! that it e'er should 'come: Arise! the hour
Demands thy courage—wilt thou humbly bend
The knee to slavery's yoke, illicit power!
That seeks to bind thee down, in this thy darkest hour?

XLVII.

Great God, protect us through this fiery storm;
Lead us in battle with thine own right arm.
In all the conflict we beheld thy form
O'ershadowing doubts and fears; tho' false alarm
Bore down our souls, thou shielded us from harm
While passing through the storm. "Praise to thy name."
Justice and Truth prevail; thy foes disarm!
Freedom triumphant—now its blazing flame
Lights up the world with joy, let nations all proclaim!

XLVIII.

No more let conflicts rage, no more shall strife
Be known throughout the land—let right prevail;
Victory has crowned our efforts; Freedom's life
Must never by base tyrants be assailed!
Forever may she live. All hail! all hail!
She comes in peace o'er all the earth to reign,
O'er foaming billows spreads her whitened sail,
Mankind to elevate, and in God's name,
The low, the high, the poor, with her are all the same.

XLIX.

Hail, Liberty ! thou goddess fair and bright,
Thy scepter wave o'er all the rolling earth ;
Transcendent glory marks thy winged flight :
God, everlasting God, gave thee thy birth,
Heaven and its angels all proclaim thy worth.
All hail ! resplendent with thy mission crowned,
Glad tidings to the world, great joy and mirth,
Peace, Love and Goodness all in one abound ;
All hail ! all hail ! all hail ! thrice welcome the glad sound.

L.

Thus have I sung of time, of tide, and now
I cease my toil. The world may hear my song ;
Sharp pain has oft laid hold upon my brow,
My nights have been full sleepless, weary, long ;
I pause the while, no more the strain prolong.
I've cast my bread upon the oceans wide,
And wait a glad return ; 'twill not be long
Before the world will bear it on its tide
To me, for which I wait, and patiently abide.

Muford, Mich., August 25th, 1875.

November.

TRUITLESS of blossoms and flowers,
In leaves of russet and gold,
November comes with its lonely hours,
And its days soon growing old;
Born of the storm and the rain,
Snow-flakes of cold and damp,
The weeping winds, in sad refrain,
Sing round its dying lamp.
Soon will our summer have gone—
Soon the November of life
Will come to us, chilly, on breezes borne,
To winter this toilsome strife;
White-winged and cold and still,
Leafless and empty of flowers,
The autumn of life our years to fill,
And number the lost—lost hours.

The Children.

WHY do I love the children so?
Good faith, the world ought all to know,
I have such stores of reasons;
Were I to tell the half I feel,
When round their bed they softly kneel,
'Twould fill the circling seasons.
Because their hearts are tender, true,
Their tears as sweet as morning dew,
That waters earth and heaven;
Oh, may such showers of blessings fall,
On rich and poor, on all, on all,
The bread of life to leaven.
Because their lips, with kisses sweet,
So warm and pure our own to greet—
So innocent and playful—
He that can boast of so much wealth,
May covet naught but earthly health,
His life must be so joyful.
Because their eyes are dyed in blue,
Their cheeks are dimpled, and their hue
Is painted from the roses;
Their laugh as joyous as the bird,

Such music I before ne'er heard,
Such violets and posies,
Because the trample of their feet,
With hop and skip they run to meet,
When on my way returning;
Who would not wish a dozen more,
To greet him as he reached the door
Of his own fireside burning.
Heaven gives us children, girls and boys,
A foretaste of our heavenly joys,
When we that bright realm enter;
Oh, memory sweet of days gone by,
The merry laugh or saddened cry
All round my heart doth center.



Ode to Poesy.

APOLLO guide my pen whilst I ordain
To sing with matchless skill in praise again.
Lead me in flow'ry paths through Alpine dell,
Where running streams with music sweetly swell!
Where dashing waterfalls, with misty spray,
Sing to thy praise in one melodious lay!
Where birds repose at vesper's twilight hour,
And chant their matins in poetic bower!
That I thy beauties, I thy charms may sing,
And at thy altar all thy graces fling.

Thee I invoke! Awake my tuneful theme
To sweetest chords; the soul's bright running stream
O'erflows its banks, whilst up the mount I climb
To reach the hill of Poesy sublime.
My rugged path I scan, tho' not in vain
I courage take to mount the hill of fame;
I toil, I pray, that I the summit reach—
Help, lest I fall by some unguarded speech.

Fair Poesy! my soul oft takes delight
In sweet communion; as the shades of night
Fall gently o'er my head, I muse of thee,
Who deign'st to hover o'er a soul like me;

Who deign'st to linger o'er a black, cold earth;
Who in the realms of glory had a birth;
Whose sacred temple, Vesta-like, tho' higher,
In bright effulgence glows by sacred fire.

Thousands would gain thy blissful temple high;
Thousands have fell, tho' not without a sigh;
Thousands unknown to human genius here,
Will sing thy praise in happier, holier sphere.
Then why should I in silence still remain,
Whilst open is the gate that leads to fame?
I'll wing my flight to reach the summit high,
And dare to voyage the ocean of the sky.

I love thee, Poesy! my soul still thirsts
To drink from out thy fountain; thou who first
I fain would cherish, love, caress, embrace;
In dreams I oft behold thy smiling face.
Through flow'ry vales I wander by thy side,
O'er rugged steeps and oceans calm and wide;
I follow whereso'er thy footsteps go,
And o'er thy head rich blessings would bestow.
Thou art a rock, I a weak wave of sea
Driven by winds; I break and die on thee.
O! man, how transient is thy life-bud here,
If but to bloom and die in one short year.
A few short steps from cradle to the grave,
An ebb and flow, a fleeting ocean wave,

Is all we have; 'tis little here below
We wish or want; the rest we little know.
But deadlier pangs than those of death dart through
My fevered brow; my pulse beats warm and true
From a big heart o'erloaded by its weight
Of poverty; my feeble hands abate
To do the work my heart would gladly do
For thee, sweet Poesy, immortal, true,
Than sit me down to melancholy fate,
And sigh for honor, riches, fame, estate.

There is a fountain fed by living streams,
Whereof we long to drink, so sweet the dreams.
Yet sweeter still than dreams and visions bright,
Of sordid gold illumed by diamond's light,
Is it to taste of thee—to slake the thirst
From a pure fountain, by no sin accurst!
To drink and live—to live and drink of thee,
Is but to taste of immortality.

Alas for man! few know thy grand estate,
And care but little only to be great;
And little care for that, unless it be
Their fellows can behold—there all agree.
Whilst thou would'st guide us heavenward in our flight,
Inspire our songs with virtue, truth and right,
He sordid wealth and lustful haunts obtain,
And spurns a fellow chosen of thy name.

September 15, 1873.

Lines.

Written by request of a friend, to be placed within a wreath of flowers.

THE works of art oft cheer the heart,
And please our mortal eyes,
But when we look in Nature's book,
There all the beauty lies.
The trees, the flowers, the storms and showers,
Her beauty all foretells;
In sun or shade, in forest glade,
Queen-like she reigns and dwells.



My Old Army Chum.

Written on the occasion of the reunion of the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry and Eighth Cavalry, held at Milford, August 28, 1873.

HERE are times when the heart is lonely and sad,
There are times when 'tis sorrowfully dumb;
But the time when it leapeth for joy and is glad,
Is the time when we meet the brave soldier lad,
One who marched to the fife and the drum.
With a thrill of delight and eyes beaming bright,
We grasp once again on a peaceful domain,
The hand of our old army chum.

'Mid the havoc of war and death groans so near,
There we stood by each other so true;
Not a falter, brave comrade—to victory! cheer!
Bear forward the Red, White and Blue!
We will follow the fife and the drum.
With a thrill of delight and eyes beaming bright,
We grasp once again on a peaceful domain,
The hand of our old army chum.

When in prison we lay, half famished and dead,
Half hoping that death would soon come,
I remember the time, as I raised up your head,
You grasped for that rusty old gun—

“Boys, follow the fife and the drum!”
With a thrill of delight and eyes beaming bright
We shake once again on a peaceful domain,
The hand of our old prison chum.

Now the thunder of cannon and bursting of shell
Are all hushed in the quiet of peace,
And the spot where our comrades so manfully fell,
Has grown over with olive and sweet asphodel—
Those who followed the fife and the drum,
With a thrill of delight and eyes beaming bright,
We shake once again on a peaceful domain,
The hand of our old army chum.

Let the years run their course, but never with life
Shall the memory of one of those boys
Be plucked from the record of that deadly strife,
Who when fortitude, bravery and honor were rife,
Bravely marched with the fife and the drum.
With a thrill of delight and eyes beaming bright,
We grasp once again on a peaceful domain,
The hand of our old army chum.

Unforgotten.

— — —

Y'LL ne'er forget the long ago,
Sweet memory of the past, I love it,
Spring-tide of hope and love, whose flow
Brought joy and sunshine safely with it.
Those sunny days and starlit skies
Are still around my memory twining;
Thy youthful laugh and loving eyes
Are still around my heart combining.

Those golden hours of youth have fled,
Like visions shortened by our waking;
The woof of time, ah! brittle thread!
Dark pall that shades a heart still aching!
The flight of years, the set of sun,
And fleeting seasons without number,
May pause whene'er their journey's done—
Thou'lt never in my memory slumber.

I turn life's pages o'er and o'er,
Checkered of sunshine, tiresome, weary,
And sigh to live those days once more,
Tho' life ofttimes is dark and dreary.
The memory of those happy hours
Of youth and love and earnest longing,

Live fresh within my soul, like flowers
That bloom to drink the dews of morning.

Oh! wondrous book of life, soon read,
Of ruined hope and vain endeavor—
Frail flower at morn, at twilight dead
And buried—treasures lost forever.
Morning will break o'er death's dark gloom,
A day whose sunshine has no ending—
Immortal spirits burst the tomb,
In one eternal anthem blending.

Musford, Mich., May 27, 1874.



The Old Year and the New.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

I GHT in the eastern horizon, it cometh, hail, all hail!
Bringing the joys of the New Year, and the tidings on
the gale,
That the Old Year, once so happy, in its infancy and birth,
Is passing forever away—forever done with earth.

Clouds are all breaking away, the orient sky is bright;
All disappearing forever, and soon will be lost from sight;
Shine will the New Year in joys, as it did but a twelve-
month ago;
Breathing its last is the Old—its joys are under the snow.

Go, I must, weeps the Old Year, alone, alone to my grave;
Help not a soul on the road, alone I must cross the dark
wave;
No one on earth to depend on, to help me along on my
way,
Burdens of sorrow to lighten, to close my toilsome day.

Friends once I had in my noon-day, lovely, pleasant and
fair,
Promising over and over—building high up in the air

Castles of riches and hope, wisdom and honor and fame,
Happiness, goodness and love, heaven at last to gain.

Now, as my days are passing, where shall I look for aid?
Cries the Old Year, in his troubles, soon in his grave to be
laid;

Did I not bring you all gladness, whether in sunshine or
snow?

Is it because I am old now, wherefore you bid me go?

Did I not scatter riches and plenty all over the beautiful
land?

Did I not give to the humble with a large and liberal
hand?

Or did I withhold in my bounty, while yet I was young and
fair,

Crumbs from my bundle of blessings? Each of you had a
share.

If so, why now am I driven away from those that I love?
Not again to behold a morning, nor ever to meet them
above—

Never join in the chorus of angels, as once we did in
tune—

Never pluck from the stem red roses, that bloom so sweet-
ly in June.

'Tis sad to think of the past; I wish I had never been
born,
Only to breathe for a moment, then pass like the dew of
the morn;
Like Job, I'll not murmur nor curse, but submit to my
fate, tho' it be
Crowns of sharp thorns and a cross, prepared and fitted for
me.

Will come the New Year all greeting, flooded with pride
and joy?
Hands full of gold, and his treasure he will tell you has no
alloy;
Mark me, before e'en a twelve-month, before, yea, the half
is told,
Deceptive and subtle he'll prove, nothing but dross for
gold.

Doubt not he'll promise to bring you full many a golden
prize—
Riches and honor to you all, and blessings from out of the
skies;
Children and parents, full many—yea, seed time and har-
vest for all.
He'll give from his bounteous store, ere the leaves of the
autumn fall.

Good may his promises be, tho' uncertainty dwells upon
earth—

Brightly the morning sky shineth, and fair as a child at its
birth;

Noon clouds may lower and darken, lightnings asunder
may part,

Gone are the joys of earth, leaving a broken heart.

Tremblingly, faintingly dying, passing away, away,
Weeping, sorrowfully trying to live but another day;
What would I give for a moment—just for a moment of
time!

I'm going, I'm going alone—GONE to another clime.

Milford, Mich., December 20, 1871.



Woman Suffrage.

HAVE you heard the news from Michigan?
Michigan, our Michigan!
Where woman is human as well as man,
In Michigan, our Michigan!
They are going to vote at the polls some day,
Not very distant, either, they say.
Ring out the old, hurrah! hurrah!
And welcome the glorious incoming day,
When woman will vote as well as man
In the banner State of Michigan.

Have you heard the news from Michigan?
Michigan, our Michigan!
Where woman is equally smart with man,
In Michigan, our Michigan!
They are just beginning to find it out
In college, on rostrum, indoors and out;
From various sources which leave no doubt
That woman knows well what she's about,
And ought to vote as well as man
In the banner State of Michigan.

Have you heard the news from Michigan?
Michigan, our Michigan!

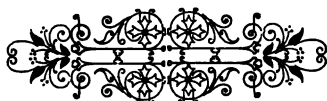
Where women work and women plan,
 In Michigan, our Michigan!
The news will spread with a mighty roar,
All over the world ~~from~~ shore to shore;
Tho' never in all the time before,
Nor in all the books of ancient lore,
Was it said that woman is equal with man,
But they're finding it out in Michigan.

Have you heard the news from Michigan?
 Michigan, our Michigan!
That woman is first to lead the van
 In Michigan, our Michigan!
Cross over the strait to our sunny land,
You'll find them a generous, noble band,
Battling the wrong with an iron hand
And arm not easy to withstand;
Find them in earnest, as well as man,
When you enter the ranks in Michigan.

We'll hoist the flag in Michigan,
 Michigan, our Michigan!
That woman shall vote as well as man,
 In Michigan, our Michigan!
The sails unfurled, the breezes bore,
With an ebbing tide to a welcome shore,

Our ship which sails, when the storm is o'er
Far better than ever she did before,
With a larger crew, on a better plan,
When women shall vote in Michigan.

Milford, Mich.. February, 1784.



Open the Doors.

OPEN the doors of the churches wide,
Heat the furnaces red!
For the poor are hungry and shiver outside,
Yea, starve for want of bread!
Turn not a key 'gainst one of the poor,
Close not your hearts at this hour;
Burst asunder the bars of the gilded church door,
Would you rise in the might of your power!

Open the doors of your parlors wide,
Give from your bounteous store!
Shelter and food, and counsel to guide
The steps of the erring and poor.
God will look down from heaven and bless
Your efforts as well as your store,
And give you abundance and heavenly rest
If you will but open the door.

Open the book and read within
Words of the crucified one!
"I was a stranger, ye took me not in,"
"An hungered," and suffering alone!

Christianity speaks still clearer to-day
For the suffering poor of the land;
Her voice still is heard in melodious lay,
Withhold, oh! withhold not your hand.

Winter and storm are here once more,
Suffering and want and woe,
If heaven was never felt before,
Give freely and taste it below.
Then heaven above will be more bright
When earth is cold and dead,
And the storm and the snow of winter's night
Blows over your lifeless head.

Milford, Mich., February, 1874.

Stanzas.

I would not weep when summer dies,
When autumn leaves are old,
But joy at the wise Providence
That tints the foliage gold.

I would not sigh when winter winds
Come sighing round my door,
But fire my heart with holy zeal,
And crave for blessings more.

I would not weep in Spring time's bloom
When daisies deck the sod,
But vernal flowers cull from the stems
That bloom in praise to God,

I will not weep if Autumn frosts
Turn all my joys to grief,
But rather bless my God for all,
Who sends us sure relief.

I will not weep if fortune's smiles
Pass coldly by my door,
But nerve my arm for sturdy toil,
Where lies the hidden ore.

I will not weep at death's dark hour,
I'll joy to kiss the rod;
On wings of love I'll press the flight,
That brings me nearer God.



The Monument.

Lines upon witnessing the unvelling of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument
at Detroit, April 9, 1872. Inscribed to Gov. H. P. Baldwin

BLOW loud the trumpet's key-note, ring loud the city's
bell,

Fling out the stars and stripes once more, break the sol-
emn, silent spell;

Let Michigan's two hundred thousand voices all unite,
And dedicate this monument to Justice, Truth, and Right.

High raise the glad hosannas, in chorus long and loud,
To Him who governs on the earth, who rides the light-
nings cloud;

Sing we to Him in gratitude, who bore us safely through
A sea of blood, drawn from the veins of brave men and of
true.

To-day we meet together, around this altar fair,
Reared to the memory of the men who fell, but once did
dare

To face the foe on every field beneath a Southern sun,
And fight those traitors, till in death they yielded sword
and gun.

Proud monument of glory, we know thy power to stand,
Till nations after nations shall be dashed like ocean's sand;
Till suns shall dim beneath the weight of ages in their
 flight,
And moon's pale beams have ceased to throw a lustre o'er
 the night.

Stand forth in all thy grandeur, and speak to those of
 earth
How fifteen thousand braver boys than ours ne'er had birth
Fell in the foremost of the fight, or starved in prison,s
 damp,
Or perished 'neath a burning sun, while on their battle
 tramp.

Look! Burnside, Custer, Sheridan, behold this granite
 tower!
See round its base the sires of those who fell in that dark
 hour;
Their locks, as with the years; their hearts, tho' strong and
 young,
To battle for their country's right, they'd grasp the sword
 and gun.

Brave men of Michigan,s fair clime, you've done your duty
 well,
You gave your sons to save the flag, let time the story tell;

Let future generations bless your children in their graves,
And this noble granite monument record their deeds of
praise.

How, like Leonidas, the brave, a noble *Spartan* bold,
Was ordered to Thermopylæ to guard the pass and hold—
So fought your sons for Liberty, for Justice, Truth, and
Right,

To win the victory and the day, or perish in the fight.

But somewhere in the flight of years, no human eye can
ken,
This noble monument will fall; no human mind knows
when

Its bronzed coronet will fall and crumble to the earth;
Slowly but surely 'twill go back to where it had its birth.

But those who fell in Freedom's cause, fell battling for the
right,

A record far more lasting have—a day that knows no night;
A life above the storms of earth, one pure and free from
strife,

And, as eternal as the years, of Him who gave us life.

A Song for Temperance.

TP, men of the North, to battle—up, men!
Keep. keep the black demon at bay!
Why cower and falter, why longer withstand?
Till his hosts have encompassed the sea and the land,
Till ruin and death bear sway
No! rise in your courage and armor of might,
You who have been tried in a deadlier fight,
And help put this monster away.

Up, men of the South, to duty—up, men!
Strike, strike down this giant of wrong,
With bayonets sharp, with cimeters bright,
His ranks will be broken, his leaders affright—
While women, with prayer and song,
Will rid the whole earth of so deadly a foe,
Will close up the haunts of misery and woe,
Ere the battle rages long.

Up, men of the East, to our columns—up, men!
Fall into this conflict for right;
Watch! forward! the foe with his banner unfurled,
Is sending broadcast all over the world
His agents of darkness and night.

They carry destruction wherever they go,
Bring ruin and poverty—wretchedness—woe
And death, our homes to blight.

Up, men of the Occident—up, men of the West!
Your sires are leading the van:
Tho' long in the struggle for justice and right,
Their day-star ne'er sets, tho' the gloom of the night
May shadow their glorious plan.
Their watchword is "Victory," on to the end—
Vile curse of intemperance, who would stoop to defend
While he bore the proud image of man?

The world is aroused! to arms for the fight!
Make room for this battle array!
With banners outflying, with music and song,
With all to help forward, the battle's not long,
It ought to be done in a day.
With fireside happy and plenty in store
(No heart-broken mother to be turned out of door),
For such let the whole nation pray.

Winter Night Thoughts.

THE roses of summer have perished,
The song birds are with us no more,
And loved ones so fondly we cherished,
Have gone to the evergreen shore.

The friends of our noon-day forsake us,
When winter comes cold at our door,
Unfaithful they prove to befriend us,
When assistance is needed the more.

How cruel and cold is the winter!
How cruel the friendship of man!
But, by and by in the hereafter,
We'll be judged by the motive and plan.

Yea, the summer time surely will come,
The wail of the winter winds die;
When we hear the glad welcome "well done,"
'Twill be in the sweet by-and-by.

On the Way.

TRAVELERS on life's journey weary,
Look beyond for brighter sky,
Faint not tho' the world seems dreary.
Hope is still enthroned on high.

Pause not tho' the wayside darkness
Casts its shadow o'er thy way;
Cheerful heart and song of gladness,
Bring the sunshine bright away.

Life is what we choose to make it;
Howe'er rough the path may seem;
Up then let us not forsake it,
Up and work in morning's beam.

Pass not while in youth all beauty;
Golden moments, they, too, tell,
Of a life and of a duty,
Of a life begun full well.

Men of mark and men of power,
Viewed the rising of the sun.
And when came the noon-day hour,
Greatest triumphs had been won.

Hard the struggle tho' it may be,
More and more the arm still bare,
Yield no point, but let the world see
One brave soul to do and dare.

Sit not down and wait for honor,
To fall down like gentle rain;
Hands made hard by toil and labor,
Are the ones to rule and reign.

Battles fought and empires founded,
By the force of nerve and will;
Oceans dark and deep are sounded,
Wrought by energy and skill.

Nothing comes without an effort,
There's a fountain head to springs.
Falter not through dire discomfort,—
Every hour its duty brings.

Up for God—for truth and duty,
Up and run while yet 'tis day.
Gather flowers of sweetness—beauty—
Heart of sunshine as of May.

Cloquet, Minn., April 20, 1893.

Crow's Nest.

To A. E. Johnson, M. D., Cloquet, Minn.:

Our acquaintance since first we met has been so pleasurable on my part and I hope my life has been such toward you that you can reciprocate. I take the liberty of inscribing to you this poem, not for its merits alone, as you may find very little of real literary genius displayed in it, but for the greater reason that it may serve to keep in memory the one who penned the lines. The "Crow's Nest," is the name of the last of the highlands on the Hudson out from New York City, and it was there the author in sailing down that beautiful river, conceived the title of the poem. In looking out of my cabin window I viewed the shadow of the setting sun creeping up toward the summit of the mountain, and at once, upon learning the name of the peak, formulated the poem. Like all writers of verse, the author drew largely on his imagination in framing the legendary part, but afterwards on becoming more familiar with the history of the "Mohawks," a tribe of redmen who, for ages past had inhabited all that country, learned that the picture was faithfully drawn, a coincident not infrequent with writers of measured verse. The poem was written some years ago, and without revision, appears just as the author first penned it.

Hoping you may not find very much in it to criticise, and that there will be found some thoughts therein that may seem of value to you,

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant.

FRANCIS B. OWEN.

Cloquet, Minn., November 22, 1892.

SCENE I.—*Sunset on the Hudson.*

BEHOLD the King of Day! Yellow of gold,
 Fast sinking out of sight. Behold the stream,
 Its golden ripples painted by the rays
 Of one eternal sunshine. View yon monarch,
 Laden with foliage blazing like a star
 From out the zenith of a fiery canopy;
 Or like a meteor bursting o'er the earth,
 In dizziness of distance its track we see,
 Then follow back its course where nought remains
 But dimness. Once its golden trail the heavens lit—

So fired the soul with wonder and with awe,
To wish its repetition. Here I stand,
Within the wall of palisades, and gaze upon
The beauty of an autumn sunset. Here,
Upon the bosom of this placid stream, I view
The closing day. The winds are hushed to rest,
And tranquil is all nature, whilst the sheen
Of golden sunset lights up mount and stream!
I stand as one enraptured.

The music of the birds and rippling stream
Dies sweetly on my ear. And visions bright
Of golden scenes beyond yon craggy mount,
Wake every note, strike every golden chord
Within my inmost soul. Fixed are my eyes—
The world is lost—all lost to me. Hark! hark!
'Tis but a dream of earth—the vision's flown.
Once more the sound of music fills my ear,
Once more the hum of happy voices sweet,
Make merry all the scene. Each tree and shrub
Upon this lofty peak are spreading wing
To catch the golden rays. How beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible earth.

The dashing cataracts, the misty spray,
The heaving billows o'er the ocean borne;
The fields, the meadows, and the new-mown hay,
And autumn with its ripe and yellow corn.

The lowing herds, the sheep upon the hills,
The voice of birds, the humming of the bees,
And laughing waters, each my bosom thrills,
Whilst mountains shade the scene with golden trees.
Each tree and shrub, each bird, each man and child,
Are parts of this sublime, stupendous whole;
Each thought, each wish, each deed however mild,
May slake the thirst of some poor dying soul.

SCENE II.—*A voice is heard in the incantation which follows.*

Once upon the placid waters
Sailed a maiden, bravely, truly!
Loved by all the tribes around her,
Loved by one who loved none other!
Loved she him in bonds much stronger,
Loved him till in death she lost him.

When the sun was on the mountain,
When the tide was at its ebbing,
Went they forth to cross the river,
Went they forth to pledge forever.

Soon the shadows and the darkness
Came upon them, and they drifted,
Drifted swiftly down the current.

In their birch canoe they struggled,
Struggled hard to gain a landing,
While the ebbing tidal waters
Carried them beyond the eddy.

Shun the rocks, brave maiden, bravely—
Hark! we strike! Oh, spirit, save!
Leap! our birch canoe is broken—
Leap for life! Oh, spirit, save!

Pray they now to the Great Spirit,
Pray the tide to bury both them.
Arm in arm they sink together.

Strongly sets the ebbing waters,
Stronger far than maidens' arms are.

When the morning sun was shining,
And the birds were singing sweetly,
And the tide was flowing smoothly,
Woke to consciousness the maiden,
Gazed she on the scenes around her.
"Where's my lover? where's my true one?
Where's my birch canoe and paddles?"
Was her cry of lamentation.
Then she cast her sad eyes heavenward,
To the summit of the "*Crow's Nest*,"
Where the sun in beauty shining,
As upon that day's declining.
"Tell me not that I've been dreaming;
Tell me not my love is sleeping;
Or, that underneath the current,
Lies my true love—sleeps my lover."
"Bring my boat and bring my paddles—
Haste, my true love, come with me;

Never shall the summit darken
 Till 'we cross and pledge forever."
 'Tis a legend of a maiden,
 Of a bright-eyed Indian maiden,
 Told by all the tribes of red men,
 When the sun was on the mountain,
 The canoe upon the river,
 And the birds were singing sweetly,
 Went they forth to pledge forever,
 Never did they cross the river,
 Never dance the war-dance over,
 Buried 'neath the rolling river.
 To appease the maiden's sorrow
 (As a legend it is told me),
 Never after should the sunset
 Darken on the mountain's summit,
 Never darken on the "*Crow's Nest*."

SCENE III.—*Song of the Mountain Sprite.*

Out from beneath the Hudson I rose in the lapse of time;
 Rock of primeval ages, standing the last of my line,
 Viewing the flashes of sunrise, watching the closing day,
 Breasting the storms of winter, blooming of beauty in May.
 I playfully sport with the lightnings nor quail at the
 thunder's voice,
 I heed not the elements warring, I only look on and re-
 joice.

With the tumult of war at its highest, when the battle
rages long,
Unconcerned I stand and look on—my pillars are firm and
strong.

Tho' epochs have passed me by and eras of promise have
come,
I've watched them in glory and power, and welcomed the
age as well done,
And hailed with delight a great nation untrammelled, un-
fettered and free,
While their ships passing by me in beauty, are hurrying
down to the sea.

I look back as 'twere but a day when the Hudson was
silent and still—
Not a sail on its bosom was seen, nor sound of the whistle's
loud shrill,
Not a boat, save the red man's canoe, neither sound of the
bugle nor drum,
With the war-whoop and dance of the tribes, in quiet the
Hudson then run.

Far back on the ocean of time, on the billows of long ago,
Ere the light of the sun caused the day, or the moon cast
its shadows below,
I stood like a sentinel firm—I've watched at my post till
this hour;

I pine not nor curse at my fate, but yield to the spirit of
power.

When God's spirit moved over the deep and said let darkness be light,
Burst forth ye dry land into form and divided the day from
the night,
I rose in my beauty and pride, I saw the first rising of sun,
And shall stand in my pride till the day the cycles of ages
are run.

Let the Hudson flow on at my feet, let the eras of promise
come near;
Let the tides ebb and flow in their course, and peace follow
year after year;
Let man learn his duty to man, and more of his duty to
God,
That when the Archangel appears, with joy we'll pass
under the rod.

As we cross the dark river of death, hail the sunlight of
heaven's high mount,
Guide our barque o'er the rapids and reefs, drink deep of
that heavenly fount;
Drink draughts from that fountain of light, sing songs of
that heavenly strand,
Till we anchor our barque on the shores of a happier,
holier land,

Milford, Mich., January 1, 1874.

The Beautiful Rain.

AS I rest from my toil at mid-day,
The clouds are beginning to lower,
'Till I see by the rustling tree-tops,
Approaching, the beautiful shower.

All earth is vocal with music—
The ocean, the brook and the plain—
The sun shining forth in its beauty,
Is greeting the beautiful rain.

God will send us beautiful showers,
And dew-drops again and again;
Then praise we the bountiful Giver
Who sends us the beautiful rain.

The Dead of Twenty Years.

THE bells keep tolling as the years fly on;
How transient man, great only for a day!
He yields to death, as flowers that bloom and fade
In one short summer hour—the end of earth.
Roll on, ye stars, and thou, O moon, swing round
In radiant glee; you, too, must yield and wane
Like man who treads the flowery fields below.
Cycles of years are but a day with Him
Who placed you on your watch; roll on your course,
Your hour will near its close when time is young.

The years of human life are marked upon
A dial of small compass; and while in life
Aspiring still we thirst for nobler fame,
We fall like withered leaves, in our full age.
Sumner is dead, with Webster and Fillmore,
Greeley and Seward, Douglas, Lincoln, too,
Who, martyred for his country—good and true—
Fell by the fierce assassin's shot, as if
The life of man was far too long and smooth
To run its natural course. Weep for the soul
That would cut short the brittle thread of life.

Earth's greedy maw is being satisfied
With human flesh; each day gives up its dead
Of young and old—from infancy to age.
To-day the brightness of the setting sun
May fall on death; the hopes of him who rose
Flushing with the vigor of the morning breeze,
Have vanished like the dew—ephemeral.
When wilt thou loose thy hold on mortal man,
And cry enough? Oh! Earth, be satisfied
With all the burning tears that have been shed.

Why covet more so soon? 'Twere but a day
A treasure rich we gave—one good and pure,
Honest to human rights, and boldly firm
To do his duty, though his life must yield
To such good deeds. Onward he rose
And upward through all jarring strife,
To bless humanity. The nation mourned,
As now she weeps another noble soul.
Will tears ne'er cease to flow? such scenes ne'er end?
Oh! Earth, art thou our foe? or thou our friend?

Milford, Mich

Horace Greeley.

Born February 2, 1811. Died November 29, 1872.

I.

QUFFLE the drums, the nation is weeping,
Mournfully bear the dead hero along;
On wires of lightning the sad news repeating,
Greeley has fallen, so great and so strong!
Yes, Greeley is dead, his weapon lies idle,
Mourn for the loss of a soldier so true,
Fast fall the tears of a nation unbridled,
And mantle the earth like fresh fallen dew.

II.

Lower the flags at half-mast on sea,
Close up the shutters throughout all the land,
For him that hath toiled for you and for me,
So bravely, so truly, so noble and grand,
Mourn for a hero far greater in battle
With pen than with sword, in love than in hate,
Who would not encourage a single shell's rattle,
But rather calm reason, and bide by its fate.

III.

Weep, ye oppressed on sea and on land;
Weep, ye down-trodden, in anguish and tears;

Weep for the man who with fearless right hand,
Toiled early and late during forty long years;
Weep all ye orphans who barefoot and cold,
Pleaded your cause at the door of his heart,
Weep for the man who with charity's gold,
Would take from his bounty and give you a part.

IV.

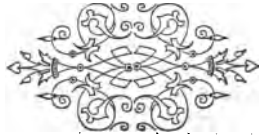
Weep, ye poor soldiers—when hungry and chill,
You asked him for favors, how flashed his keen eye,
How quickly he drank in your sorrows and ills,
And never for once passed you cruelly by;
But mourn that he's fallen, oh weep that he's gone,
Muffle the drums, and march slowly away,
Keeping step to the dirge, while passing along,
That tells of a hero that's fallen to-day.

V.

Weep, all ye toilers on earth's fair domain,
Weep for your chieftain, shed tears for him now;
He leveled the forest, he traversed the plain,
And urged on the people to honor the plow.
He toiled with his hands, he toiled with his brain,
In spring time or winter no idler was he;
He has gone, but has left us the greatest of names,
He left us all peaceful and prosperous and free.

VI.

Weave garlands of roses to cover his bier;
Shed tears of deep sorrow through city and state,
For him who has fallen in fullness of years,
Who left us a record so noble and great.
Bow all the nations on sea and on land,
Muffle the drums and march slowly away—
In coldness of death rests that fearless right hand,
The world is in mourning for Greeley to-day.



The Poor.

FROM crowded streets of cities, in hot haste,
Amid the pomp and revelry of gold,
The beggar meets you—female, too, and chaste,
Whose form and beauty, lovely to behold!
Sought you a moment and her story told:
“Grant me a penny, God hath truly said,
Give me, ‘lend Him,’ I’m hungering for bread.

“Fast falls the snow-flake on the slippery flag,
Fierce blows the wind, a rude December’s blast;
And hurrying steeds with desperation mad,
And troopers double quick are passing fast
To gain their barracks, and their knapsacks cast;
But where to lay my weary aching head,
None knows but God—I’m hungering for bread!

“Keen blows the wind, but my keen appetite
Is more to me than winds or stormy hail;
November frost the leaves no surer blight,
Nor trusty seamen, when on the ocean’s gale,
To make for port and reef the tattered sail,
Than that this raging passion, hungry fire,
Must be subdued by bread—thus my desire.

"The night is coming on; oh! that its past
Might greet me in a better world than this;
Instead of snow and icy walks at last,
Awake in Eden bowers, where all is bliss;
So warm and beautiful compared with this!"
Thus, with her pure appeal, she tries the heart
Which oft denied—takes on the worser part.

"If you would know why thus I beg for bread,
My story heed—a moment will suffice;
My father, once so brave, an army led,
But fell for country—noble sacrifice!
Martyred for you and me, on battle ground he lies;
Flesh of that sire, bone of that self same steel,
Upon my cheek nor shame nor sorrow feel.

"When I a prattling babe, he mustered in,
And left my mother waiting his return;
Next day he stood in front the battle's din,
The next upon a stretcher home was borne;
Pierced to the heart—from wife and babe was torn.
Thus, left to battle life's tempestuous sea,
A beggar's doom seems all that's left to me.

"Yon lonely garret, dark and cold and drear,
Is all the home or place to lay our head;
Nor light, nor warmth, my mother's heart to cheer;
A bed of straw—to-morrow she'll be dead!

Turned from a cruel parent's house, unfed,
True to a woman's love, she waits her fate—
With joy she'll join her soldier at the gate.

"When gone, I'll ask no more; I'll earn my bread;
No honest toil my hands will spurn to do;
Pleasant shall be the night, with needle, thread,
I'll labor on and on the dark hours through;
In virtue's path, alone, I'll walk—be true;
Spurning the wrong, with virtue for my bow,
And deadly aim, prostrate shall lie my foe.

"This legacy my mother leaves to me,
And I to keep to be transmitted down;
'Tis all she has—'tis everything to be
Possessed of such rare jewels—such a crown—
Whether a beggar, or a prince renowned;
Give me a mantle, pure as snow flakes white,
To toil for which I'll pass the live-long night.

"My story told—give haste, my mother sleeps;
To-morrow's dawn will wake her on that shore;
In all this world, alone I'm left to weep,
And cherish all her virtues evermore,
And, tho' a beggar, passed from door to door,
This sacred legacy of hers must be
Preserved through time—throughout eternity."

Minnehaha.

[Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Alpheus Woodward, who, in company with her husband and myself, visited the falls of St. Anthony by moonlight on the night of the 10th of June, 1892.]

I STOOD where laughing waters quench the thirst
Of thousands. Upon the beach of Minnehaha,
In moonlight, I stood and gazed upon
Nature's most lovely imagery. The moon,
In her full, shone brightly on the weird scene.
'Twas June, the birds and blossoms were asleep,
Yet Nature in her loveliest was awake.

What scene more holy, what tranquil slumbers
Could awake the inmost soul to pleasant dreams ?
There within the glen of shaded trees awoke
Memory of by-gone years. I stood like one
Enchanted. A thought came o'er my soul
That ages had run their course e'er the first spray
Of Minnehaha, shadowing the sun
Had cast her rainbow tints upon the earth.

What music like the melody of her's
Whose voice is tuned to nature's symphony,
The diapason of each chord as sweet
As tho' 'twas sung by angels; and more,
The tumult of whose waters as they leap

Adown the rock-bound precipice, and on
In struggling madness to their final goal
In the great ocean, all remind us of
A rest beyond the billows of earth's life.

The gentle fountain of our childhood's years
Flows smoothly when our day is at its dawn;
But soon we reach the rapids of our age,
And breakers too—how near they lie before us;
While just beyond the cataract's awful roar
Is heard in voice of thunder tones—"Beware."

The years of human life flow on like as
A mighty river. At its source the tide
Flows smoothly on nor bears upon its bosom
A thought of care; but when meridian's sun
Shines down upon our lives earth's toils and cares
Come thick and fast upon us. 'Tis then
The real comes to us in greatest force
And warns us that our life is full of work.

Up then we to the task, lay hold the helm,
When life is at its spring; pull hard the oar;
Call up the latent fires within our breasts,
Rouse energy and place it in the front
Of deepest conflict—pass manfully
The little trials that beset our way
As tho' they were but restless autumn winds,

Then as the ocean of eternity draws near,
The sails all white and full—the rapids passed,
And pilot at the helm to guide our barque,
In safety shall we enter the great realm
Of everlasting life, freed and unchained,
And rusty fetters idly cast away;
Free—all free, a new born child,
Into the kingdom of God's holy light
Forever there—no storms beat on our breast,
For in His presence there is joy and rest.

Cloquet, Minnesota, July 20th, 1892.

NOTE.—Minnehaha is the Indian name for "Laughing Waters."

James G. Blaine.

SONNET.

OAKS deeply rooted in the mother ground,
Broad base and strong and firm of fiber, thou,
Like king of forest-giant, on thy brow
We place a nation's garlands. O'er and around
Thy bier is heard the voice of victory full crowned.
Mandate of heaven o'er all the world around;
Dust back to dust, life unto life, and now
In name and deed immortal, while thy life
Like meteor in transcendent glory, bright—
Top-most thy counsels all—with reason rife,
Will light up all the world—majestic flight—
And hearts that once would check thy march to fame,
In loudest praise reverse thy honored name.

To My Namesake.

"FRANCIS BROWNING" PHALON. Born Oct. 23, 1892.

OCTOBER comes with sun and smiles,
To brighten the glad year;
With ripened fruit, and song beguiles
The waiting, listening ear.

'And as her days fly swiftly by,
Full of fruition, mirth;
A glistening tear bedims the eye—
She too was born of earth.

Tho' brief her stay, yet sweet the hours
She brought us in her day—
As all along our pathway—flowers
Were strewn along our way.

She came, she gave thee,—and with joy
High waved her hand and smiled;
Then passed along time's boundary line,
But left us our bless't child.

NOTE.—In the sacred writings of the Hindoos may be found the following exquisite sentiment:—"Little child when thou comest into the world all around thee was smiles, live so that when thou departest all around thee will be tears,"
—F. B. O.

Notices From the Press.

The lecture by Francis Browning (F. B. Owen) last Friday evening was very fully attended for an entertainment of that kind. The lecturer gave an interesting discourse upon "True Poetry," its nature and uses, showing the difference between the stuff that is sometimes called poetry and the true article. After the lecture, the speaker proceeded to read several of his own compositions, among which we may mention "Michigan" and "Childhood," which struck a responsive chord in many a breast. "The Liberty Bell" is a fine poem, which needs more time than can be given by one simple hearing to appreciate its beauties, and the "Outcast" appealed to the finer feelings of all present with a force that could not be resisted. Mr. Owen deserves liberal support wherever he may go.—*Hubbardston (Ionia) Advertiser*.

On the first page of this issue will be found the first of three parts of a poem, by F. B. Owen, of Milford, entitled "The Old Liberty Bell." Mr. O. has written many poems, but this is considered his best. He has evidently spent a large amount of time and given the subject deep thought. Next week will appear part second, which, in our judgment, is even better than the first.—*Pontiac Bill Poster*.

Francis Browning, the *nom de plume* of a new poetic writer, favors us this week with an elegiac that will not suffer by thorough *scanning*. Perhaps the close rule and rigid combination of the pentameter of five feet with the hexameter of six, and the careful commencement of each verse with a *purely dactylic foot*, may seem somewhat stately in rhythm for the popular heart and merry occasion, but the scholarly critic will, we think, pronounce it a most creditable poem.—*Shiawassee American, Hon. Jno. N. Ingersoll, Editor*.

